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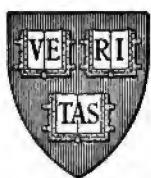
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THE STORY

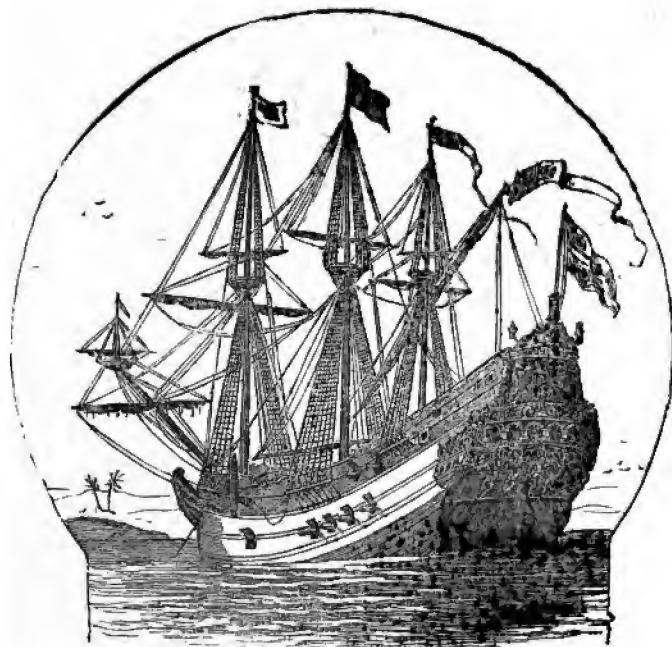
OF

SAN DIEGO

WALTER
GIFFORD
SMITH.







VESSEL OF CABRILLO'S TIME.

At San Diego Bay.

Here first on California's soil,
Cabrillo walked the lonesome sands;
Here first the Christian standard rose
Up in the sea-washed Western lands,
And Junipero Serra first
Laid Long-horn Is. - *Madge Morris.*

.. THE ..

STORY OF // SAN DIEGO //

BY

WALTER GIFFORD SMITH.
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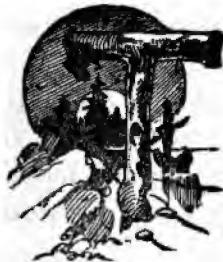
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CHAPTER I.

ERA OF DISCOVERY.



HAT part of the New World which was to become San Diego county, in the State of California, was discovered from the desert side in 1539, by a monk called

Father Marcos. This man, who was looking for gold, had journeyed from New Galicia, in Northern Mexico, to the region about the Colorado river in search of the "seven cities of Cibola," known in border fable as the opulent and teeming homes of artisans in precious metal. Arriving at Vacapos, which he described as a "hospitable town," the monk sent his companions to spy out the land. Some of them marched westward to a Sierran range; and when they reached its top they were able to see the ocean. The great waters, they said, were but forty leagues from Vacapos, a place which, from the distance given, must have been within the future limits of San Diego. Father Marcos lived with the friendly natives for a few weeks,

meanwhile celebrating Easter, and, finally, stricken by the heat and unable to go further north, whither new stories of a golden land had tempted him, he returned to Mexico.

Francisco de Ulloa, a navigator in the service of Cortez, may have seen the distant San Diego mountains when he sailed into the mouth of the Colorado river in the same year that witnessed the discoveries of Father Marcos, but this is open to conjecture. Later, while beating up the coast from Cape St. Lucas he found the Cedros Islands and the Cape of Deceit and but for head winds might have reached San Diego bay. Of the Lower California peninsula, Ulloa reported to Cortez that it was "a bare, volcanic land, inhabited by poor people."

In 1540 the desert side of San Diego county was visited by Hernando d' Alarcon, who sailed up the Colorado River to its junction with the Gila. He too was looking for Cibola, but after a view of the Mojave country he became convinced that the "seven cities" were myths and California a land of disappointments. Events followed each other rapidly in that day, which was one of unappeasable desire for conquest and discovery. Father Marcos and Ulloa in 1539, D'Alarcon in 1540, and then the great expedition of Cabrillo which, in 1542, just fifty years after the Genoese had set his foot upon Cat Island, found San Diego.

It was mid-day when the two ships of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, part of Alvarado's

fleet of Mexican conquest, beat up towards the promontory which lay like the paw of a couchant lion upon the green pastures of a peaceful sea. Passing around the bluff slopes of the point Cabrillo found himself in a "land-locked and very good harbor" which he named San Miguel, but which a future explorer baptized as San Diego. According to the chronicles relating to the day of his arrival, he sent a boat "farther into the port, which was large," and while it was anchored "a very great gale blew from the Southwest, but the port being good we (they) felt nothing."

Cabrillo, in his long voyage from the lower coast of Mexico, came to need water, and once in San Diego bay he sent a squad of men to find a fresh supply. The party landed on Point Loma and followed the shore line until it came to the dry bed of a stream, since called the San Diego river, and ascending that found water which answered very well for drinking purposes. Probably a laguna, where water still exists in the dry season, was the place at which Cabrillo's seamen replenished their empty casks. It was late in the day when the party began to return, and losing the way it marched in the direction of a sheltered harbor now called False Bay, on which the strangers stood sorely puzzled and alarmed. The surroundings were unfamiliar. Cabrillo's vessel was not in sight and the promontory which loomed above the bay in which the voyagers

had taken refuge had seemingly shifted to another point of the compass. The adventurers camped for the night and early the next morning were found by a searching party and guided back to the ship. Their stories of another harbor induced Cabrillo to send a small shallop around the cape to enter it, but the little craft, unable to find the concealed entrance to the bay, sailed by for many miles and returned without success. Another party, mounting the headland, saw the sheet of water and made a rude map of it, at the same time describing in its notes the beauty of the view.

In the harbor of San Miguel Cabrillo tarried for six days, his visit being enlivened by an Indian attack upon some of his men who were fishing from a small boat not far from shore. Indians had not been seen when the vessel entered port nor by the water expedition up the river. Doubtless they were back on the mountains and foothills at the time, where water was more plentiful in the dry September month and game more abundant. Perhaps some word of the strange visitation had reached them or from their look-outs among the cliffs they had seen the ships at anchor. However that may be, Cabrillo and his men had begun to feel secure when out of the bushes on the shore came a flight of arrows which wounded some of the crew. Cabrillo did not return the fire. He was exploring and not fighting, and he wanted what the Indians knew more than he did the

lives which they had forfeited. It was not long before friendly intercourse had been established, and by signs the natives told the mariners of men in the interior who wore beards, rode horses and carried arms. This referred, no doubt, to adventurers under Ulloa, De Alarcon or Coronado.

There is no record of San Diego harbor having been visited again by white explorers until 1596 when Sebastian Viscaino, who had been sent by the Spanish Viceroy to re-explore the Californian coast, arrived at Cabrillo's anchorage in the bay of "San Miguel." He reached the port on the 10th of November and baptised it San Diego, in honor, as some chroniclers affirm, of St. James, or as a recent San Diego investigator (Col. Chalmers Scott) now holds, of St Didacus, the equivalent of St. Diego in the Latin calendar. Viscaino left a journal in which he wrote, according to the usual translation of the primitive Spanish, that he "found a forest of tall, straight oaks, shrubs resembling rosemary in savor and many fragrant and wholesome plants." The explorers remained in port until Nov. 20th and were "delighted with the mildness of the climate, the excellency of the soil, the look of the land, which they accurately surveyed, and the docility of the Indians, who besmeared their bodies with paint and loaded their heads with feathers."

CHAPTER II.

THE ABORIGINES.

THE Indians living in this region when Cabrillo and Viscaino came, the ancestors of those whom the padres tamed and made into hewers of wood and drawers of water, were the lowest type of savages on the American continent. In body they were like the bushmen of Australia. In mental development their scale was that of the Ethiopian, whose features were recalled in their flat noses, thick lips and dark skin. Between them and the savages of the Atlantic seaboard was an intellectual gulf as wide as the territory which lay between Plymouth Rock and the bay of San Diego; for the San Diego Indians without a martial spirit, without eloquence or manly physical traits were a little lower than the brutes. They went by many tribal names, the Dieguenos occupying the country nearest to the harbor; but they were all Diggers who, before the missionaries came, ate vermin, lived in holes and encased themselves in mud when the weather grew too cool for nakedness. Ethnologists class them as a people apart from the North American Indians, and Humboldt inclu-

ded them in the dregs of humanity such as the inhabitants of Van Dieman's land.

These dull creatures touched so low a point in the human scale that the vocabulary of some of them was reduced to five or six words representing water, wood, fire, snake and mouse. The more intelligent had from forty to sixty words and are believed to have so far resembled their Lower California cousins (described by Baegert) as to have possessed none at all for understanding, will, memory, honor, honesty, strife, disposition, friend, truth, shame, love, hope, patience, envy, diligence, beauty, danger, doubt, master, servant, virgin, judgment, happiness, intelligent, prudent, moderate, obedient, sick, poor, or any other word expressive of abstract ideas. And where they lacked words they of course lacked corresponding thoughts and conceptions. In brief, these natives merely existed as the animals do—to fill their bellies, rear their young and avoid danger.

Like most savage races they had some idea of a superior being. It is not quite true, as Bancroft says, that "the missionaries found a virgin field where neither God nor devil was worshiped," for the native races revered a phantom which they called Chinigchinich. They believed that this specter lived among the stars and was wont to chastise or reward them according to their deserts. He was their creator and guide. In his honor every village had a temple or place of refuge, rudely contrived of

brush and stones, within which was the representation of the god, usually in the form of a coyote skin stuffed with feathers, talons, claws and beaks.

A village of Dieguenos was a squalid loitering-place. Its denizens rarely wore more than a screen of aloe fibers about the waist and lived mainly on fish, snakes and vermin. Their huts were made of tules. Their utensils of livelihood and implements of chase were few and crude. Bows of willow-tree roots with bowstrings of intestines and reed arrows tipped with

wood, flint or obsidian, were their weapons for hunting and war. For knives stones were sharpened and at times a shark's tooth was fastened in a faggot of grease-wood. The shell of the green

turtle was used for a cradle or a basket.

Family relations were lax. Men and women lived promiscuously and there was no love shown by the putative father for his offspring, due, perhaps, to well grounded doubts as to its paternity. The mother was not so guiltless of affection, for, as an early writer says, when the priest chastised her child she went



THE ABORIGINE.



OLD MISSION, SAN DIEGO—THE FIRST ESTABLISHED IN CALIFORNIA



POINT LOMA FROM CORONADO BEACH—A RARE COMBINATION OF SEA AND SKY



into an animal fury, biting the dust, tearing her hair and cutting her body with sharp stones.

Since these tribes have come in contact with civilization there has been some response among them to the customs and religion of the whites, but no great improvement in morals or intellect. While obedient to the forms of the Catholic Church, they have retained many of their old vices and gained new ones from the paleface. They still live in squalor, filth and want and eat locusts and vermin, and they steal as they were wont to do when the Spaniards first came in contact with them. The earliest San Diego records of intercourse with the Dieguenos are full of stories of their thievishness; and it is even said that coveting cloth with all the strength of their felonious natures, they paddled out in their tule canoes to the mission vessel San Carlos, which lay near Ballast Point, and cut pieces from her sails.

The Indians are fast passing away, partly because of the natural deterioration of a low-born race brought in contact with a superior people and trodden under foot by them, and partly because the vice of drink is firmly grafted upon their sensual natures.

A few Dieguenos still live in the suburbs of San Diego in huts made of brush and sacking. Until two years ago several families were encamped in Switzer's canyon, and here it was that Mr. Steele, author of "Old California Days," found an old squaw who had not yet

forgotten some of the traditions of a past age. Led on to stir the embers of recollection, she said :

“Something very new happened to my great grandmother. She was gathering acorns on the hillside, some one of these I suppose, when the ship of the Spaniards came into the bay. She fancied at first it was a big white goose, bigger than was ever seen; but there were men upon it, and she lay down among the bushes and waited to see what they had come to do. Presently a canoe came ashore with men in it and she ran home to her hut.

“Then the Indians came and watched them from among the bushes, and they built a house there and every night the smoke arose and the fire glowed. That was the beginning.

“Then some of the people crept nearer and nearer, and at last it became known that they were men, such as the very old ones said they had heard had been there before, and they had hurt nothing. My people could have killed them, but it was thought that they were not like us and that they had powers that were far-reaching, and they waited for them to go away again.

“But time passed and they did not go. Another ship came and also other men from the south, and the Indians grew more accustomed to them. They were but men, for they died and were buried, and when my people knew this they grew more familiar. We did not know what they came for, but they talked and

were friendly and were not any longer feared. Only the women did not go to them. They gathered acorns and heard what others told and staid at home.

“Time passed. Perhaps it was a year or two. It was long ago and I never heard. But one day my great grandmother was on the hill among the little oaks. By that time the bells rang every day and these Spaniards went about over the country and talked with the people and asked them to come with them, and gave them things they had never seen before. You may think it strange, but up to that time the Indians had never seen so much as a knife to cut with. And while my relative was there among the acorn bushes a man came, and when he saw her he stopped to look and she ran away. But when on another day she was on the hills he came again and again she ran, and this happened many times, he calling to her and she running away—I know perhaps well now how it was. I think she wanted him to come there, though she ran; and at last she did not run so far.

“Then she did not run one day. I suppose she only walked, and this mission soldier followed her home; and when they came to the hut together, to the little place made of bushes where they lived, her family were very angry and drove the man away. And the tribe heard of it and were angry.

“Then there was trouble in the hills, and some time after that the tribe attacked the mis-

sion and pulled down the stones and killed a Padre and two soldiers and went back *abajo*."

And so it came about, as in Cleopatra's time and in all human contentions since and before, that behind the bloody foray and the dire attack was the inevitable daughter of Mother Eve—the woman in the case.



CHAPTER III.

THE COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES.

MINGLED with the common zeal for conquest in the latter part of the seventeenth century was an apostolic fervor for the rescue of Indian souls; and so, wherever the armed conquistadores of Spain journeyed on the new continent, priests went with them to establish missions.

The Californias of San Diego and Monterey were beckoning goals to both soldier and monk. New fields of fame, new lands to add to the empire of the Spanish crown and the lust for gold lured on the one. For the other were races waiting the gospel message, proselytes to be gained for the Holy See. In time another subtle influence worked upon the priests who came to the confines of San Diego: for there, amid the solitudes of a new world, almost as strange to European eyes as they might have been to a wayfarer from the border land of space, was the likeness of a familiar and hallowed spot —of the very land whither where Christianity came first upon the earth. There was another Palestine. Among those sandy wastes were

dead sea lakes, about which the cacti reared its sharp abattis. Among those verdant valleys lived Arab men whose forefathers may have been lost among the exiled tribes of Israel. In fruitful vale where the wild grape grew and the honey was distilled; in the intermittent stream, touched, like the Jordan with the savor of salt; in rocky hill and cedars recalled those of Lebanon; in the wild mustard among the branches of which "birds might build their nests;" in the prowling dog-wolf in which the Judean jackal reappeared and in the foxes "that have holes," the birds of the air, the vulture, the eagle and the lark; in the mountains of somber sides and clear-cut peaks which recalled those seen by the watchers from the walls of Jerusalem; in the Indian girl who stood at the stream, with water-ewer poised upon her head—a new world Rebecca—all these were visions of that far country to which the monkish heart turned with love and adoration. It was under such mild December skies that shepherds watched their drowsy flocks when a new star beamed above the manger of Bethlehem; from such creative soil had grown the vine and fig tree, the olive and the date, all yet to come among the hills and dales of California. In such a land the cross belonged by seeming right of heritage, and by association with familiar landscapes. To place it there and wake those barbarian silences with the word of God seemed a divine commission to which the hearts of priests responded with an eager

haste and without a pang of hardship, peril or distress. So it came about that missions were placed in that new Canaan, in Scripture phrase—"a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olives and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land where stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

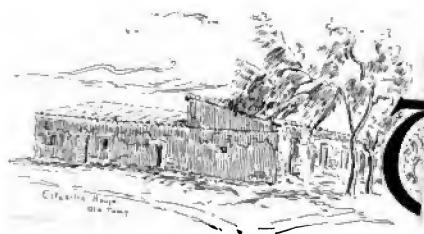
It was in the closing decade of the seventeenth century that the era of mission labor in San Diego began and for nearly a hundred and forty years the work proceeded, its annals brightened by much self-sacrifice and heroism; shadowed by suffering withal, and immortalized by the life of one man whose name may yet find place in the roll of Catholic saints—Junipero Serra, whose coming to San Diego on the 1st of July 1769 is a memorable anniversary of both Church and State.

Father Serra and Father Kuhn came at nearly the same time, one to the harbor and the other to the banks of the Colorado, where Father Marcos had given hostages to fortune 261 years before. Of Father Kuhn little need be said. He was half missionary, half explorer; and while he "preached to crowds of gentiles many of whom, of especially large stature, came from across the Colorado by swimming," he valued most his discovery that California was

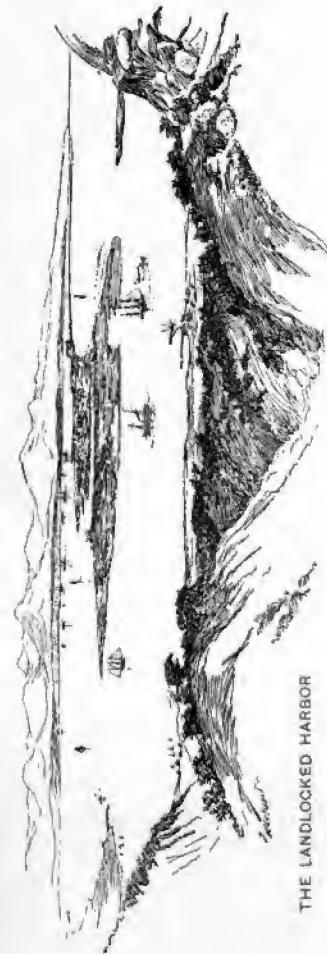
not an island but a mainland—a conclusion which led his friend Salvatierra to write that, though “the discovery might as yet seem of little advantage on account of the distance from Loreto to the head of the gulf, it was nevertheless one of the steps by which, in time, California might become the scene of industry and activity, the soul of the kingdom of America and the main source of its opulence.”

The story of Serra, so far as it concerns San Diego, began in 1769 when Don Jose de Galvaz, the Visitador General to New Spain, had determined to occupy Alta California at this point and at Monterey. Father Serra had been made President of the California missions and joining the land expedition of Governor Portola, one of four expeditions which had started thither, two by land and two by sea, he made his toilsome march. Portola's party was the last to arrive. One of Serra's bosom friends wrote that after a journey of 46 days, on July 1, 1769, the wayfarers came in sight of San Diego. “As we looked down upon the bay we saw the ship riding at anchor and on the shore the tents and camp of Rivera y Moncada. The sight filled our hearts with joy and our breasts swelled with enthusiasm that could not be repressed. As we hastened on we fired volley after volley; the salvos were caught up and returned by the troops of Rivera y Moncada; and then the ships at their anchors, as if suddenly awakened into life, joined in the glad









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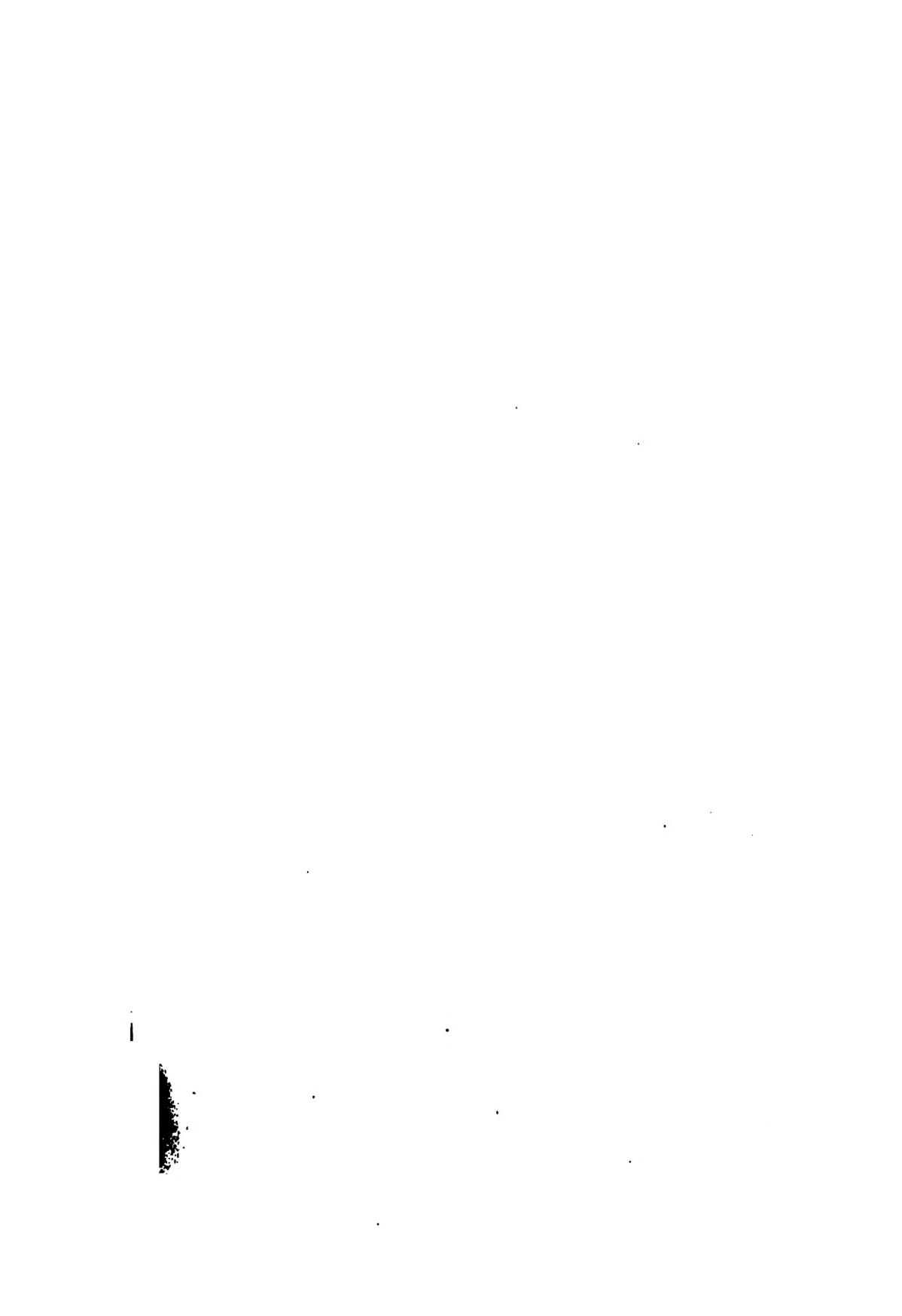
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SAN DIEGO BAY FROM POINT LOMA.



acclaim. The unaccustomed echoes thus set flying had scarcely died away when we rushed into the arms of those who had arrived before us; and all congratulated themselves that the expeditions were thus happily joined and at their wished-for destination."

On the third day after his arrival Serra wrote to his friend Palou, who had been left at a new mission in Lower California, dating the letter from the "truly magnificent and with-reason-famous port of San Diego." He said: "the tract through which we passed is generally very good land, with plenty of water, and there as well as here, the country is neither rocky nor overgrown with brushwood. There are many hills but they are generally composed of earth. About half way here the valleys and banks of rivulets begin to be delightful. We have found vines of a large size and in some cases loaded with grapes: we also find an abundance of roses, which appear to be like those of Castile. In fine it is a good country and very different from old (Baja) California."

The first detachment that landed at San Diego fixed upon a nook near the bay and river for the site of a permanent town. It was a place called Cosoy by the Indians but it is now known as Old Town—an ideal point in the early days for defense, shelter, fresh water, embarkation and farming. Here was built a few huts, a corral and an entrenched camp. On the first Sunday of July Father Serra and his

fellow monks held a thanksgiving mass at Cosoy; and on Sunday July 16th the padre dedicated the first of the numerous missions yet to be established, blessing its cross and conferring upon it the name of San Diego. Meanwhile, with much pomp and circumstance, parading of banners, clanging of armor and tramp of hoofs the temporal conquest of Alta California was going forward in the direction of Monterey.



CHAPTER IV.

DAYS OF TOIL AND DANGER.

AFTER the ceremony of the cross and the location of the settlement of San Diego, more adobe and tule huts were built, one of which, a structure of considerable size, was set apart as a mission church. Of this building nothing now remains, unless it be an unidentified heap of caked soil, what is known as the the "ruins of the first California mission" being of later origin. According to some accounts the church was surrounded by a palisade, and while the padres held mass or vespers the guards kept vigil lest a foe should steal upon them unawares.

Within the primitive shelter which served the priestly offices of Father Serra and Viscaino some of the pomp and glory of the Roman church found its way. The Holy See did not mean that its missionary groups should be less than embassies of a power that depended much upon the magnificence of its setting for its prestige over heathen minds. So among the articles of churchly use and glory landed from the mission vessel San Antonio were 7 church bells, 11 small altar bells, 23 altar cloths, 5 chair-

copes, 3 surplices, 4 carpets, 2 coverlets, 3 roquettes, 3 veils, 19 full sets of sacred vestments, 17 albs or white tunics, 10 palliums, 10 amices, 10 chasubles, 12 girdles, 6 cassocks, 18 altar linens, 21 purificadories, or chalice cloths, 1 pall cloth, 11 pictures of the Virgin, 13 silver chalices, 1 silver goblet, 7 vials for sacred oil, 1 silver casket for holy wafers, 5 silver basins or conchas for baptism, 6 censers with dishes and spoons, 12 pairs of vinagres for wine and water, 1 silver cross with pedestal, "1 box containing Jesus, Mary and Joseph," 29 metal candlesticks, 1 copper dipper for holy water, a long list of small articles, 3 statues, 2 silver "dazzlers," 2 crowns and rings for marriages, 5 consecrated stones, 4 missals and a continued list of stands, laces, silks and linens. With this church equipment came military supplies, including bronze cannon and various staple provisions and harvest seeds.

The first six months on San Diego bay were discouraging to the monks and their companions. Sickness was common and the Indians were troublesome and thievish. All but twenty of the mission force died before the new year of scurvy or from drinking the alkaline waters of river pools. One battle with the natives took place, in which a padre, a blacksmith, a soldier and a California Indian servant were wounded and a Spanish youth was killed. Of the cause of the fight accounts differ. The Indian tradition has been related in the excerpt from Steele;

but the priests left data which made it appear that an attempt of the natives to steal bedding from the sick caused the trouble. However that may be, the Indians suddenly swarmed into the mission at a moment of lax vigilance there and began a work of pillage and destruction. To oppose them were four soldiers, a carpenter, a blacksmith and two priests, the rest of the garrison being on board the San Antonio near Ballast Point. While the troops were putting on their rawhide armor and priming their arquebuses the blacksmith whom Father Viscaino held to have been inspired to the fighting point by a recent acceptance of the sacrament, rushed out into the plaza firing his gun and, it must be said, doing less damage with that remarkable arm than he did with his terrifying war cry, not unmixed with strange oaths of "Long live the faith of Jesus Christ and death to the dogs His enemies." Meanwhile the priests, being non-combatants, were pleading with the Virgin to intercede and stay the hand of violence. All this time the muskets were roaring and the arrows were whistling and the language of the combatants had become a scandal to the church. Then Father Viscaino, unable to stand the strain of abstinence longer, left his prayers and, peeping out of the curtained doorway of the chapel, received an arrow in the hand, whereat, with more haste than dignity and ejaculations that caused him future penance, he returned to his knees and his sup-

plications. The battle ended for the church, as all such battles do; and the Indians were taught a new respect for white men's courage, blacksmith's vocabulary and for the supreme efficacy of powder and ball. But to the sorrow of the padres, they seemed still estranged from the mild humanities of the church.

Conversions were indeed slow. It was a year before a single neophyte came to the baptismal font, or rather, to be more precise, before one was brought there with an honest purpose. Once the soul of good Father Serra was cheered with the sight of an Indian child offered by its parents for holy baptism. The priest wrapped the convert in purple and fine linen, filled the sacred vessel with holy water, summoned the corporal of the guard for god-father, and was about to lay the infant upon the bosom of the mother church when its impious parents, tempted of the devil, snatched it away, not forgetting the mantle of cloth withal, and vanished in the chaparral. Father Serra restrained his soldiers, who would have shot the shameless mockers, and hastened to prayer and fasting that he might purge himself of the sin which must have wrought the dire catastrophe.

About one year from the beginning of the mission work at San Diego Governor Portola appeared on his return overland from Monterey and the North. He had been disappointed in the country and in the outlook for the missions, and when he found that San Diego had

made no progress, either as a settlement or an agency for converting the wild tribes, he counseled retreat for both troops and padres. He was ready and eager to leave the country to its fate. Pointing to the scant supplies, to the squalid huts and to the hostile natives, he demanded a reason why the mission should longer be maintained. It was here, in this emergency, that the heroic nature of Junipero Serra saved California to the Holy See. A non-combatant in the discords of the church-militant, he was a warrior in full panoply of faith wherever moral courage and spiritual constancy were required. Leave the mission? Not while one clod remained upon another and his life was left him. He would stay at his post of priestly duty quite as firmly as the Roman sentinel stood when the cinders drifted about him in the ashen swirls from the belching furnace of Vesuvius. His was a nature which might shrink from the petty contact of brute forces but it would never shrink from a divine commission. Portola was shamed into silence and action. He said no more about departure. Instead he dispatched a small force in the ship San Antonio to the new mission of Valicata in Lower California, where Father Palou had been left on the march from Loreto to San Diego, with a message for supplies; and then both Governor and priest, making the best of the necessity, settled down to await results. Would winds be fair and provisions ready? Would the San

Antonio escape the February gales? All these were questions upon which much depended.

The long days dragged for sick and well alike. Twice the rains fell, turning the dry water course into a tawny and bellowing flood and drenching the poor huts where sulked and prayed the forlorn hope of State and Church. It was the 11th of February, 1770, that the expedition sailed. On the 10th of March, provisions having become scarcer and the watcher on the hill above the mission having long gazed in vain for a sign of succor from the South, Father Serra instituted a nine days' course of prayer at the shrine of Antonio, the expedition's patron saint. It was on the last day of the "novena" and yet no answer to the prayer; but as the sun was about to set the "visible sign of support" was given, for behold! sweeping around the distant Point of Rocks, under the lee of Los Coronados, was the San Antonio at last, bearing an abundant cargo and bringing orders from the Viceroy to persevere in the temporal conquest and spiritual subjugation of the land.

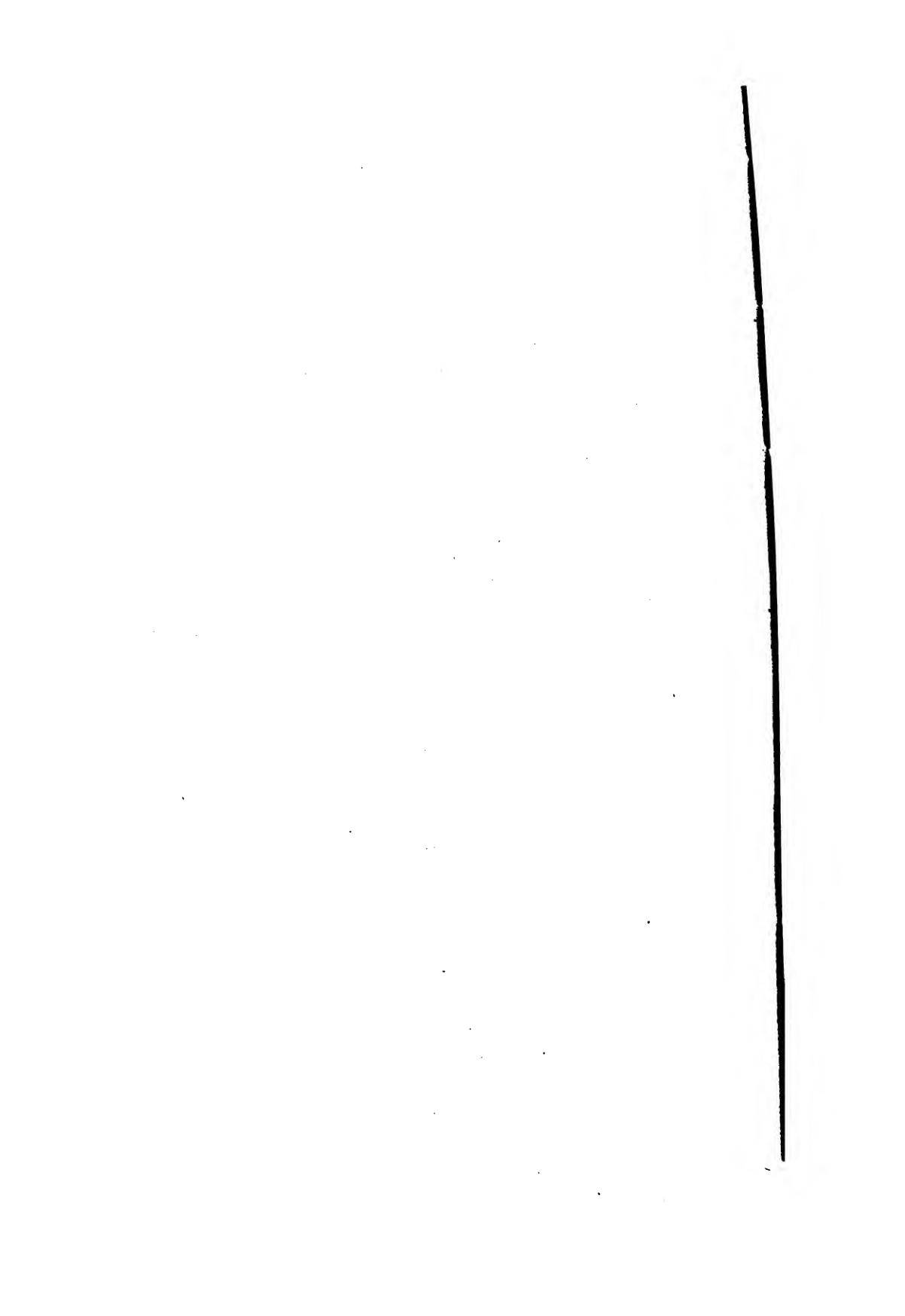
In 1771 came the first conversion; but the joy of the Fathers over one brand plucked from the burning was shadowed by a quarrel with the military commandant, Fajes. But some progress was made, and at the end of 1773 San Diego had recorded eighty-three baptisms among the Indian tribes. Agriculture had also taken a start, though under many drawbacks and discouragements. Vegetables had













been grown on the moist lands of what is now called Mission valley. Grain had been sown, but the crop was destroyed by a sudden rise of the river. The next year the grain was planted on the mesa, where it died from drouth. A dry winter followed and the bed of the river was white with dust and alkali. Some stock was saved, however, and the padres were well off in horses, cows, goats and swine. About this time the foundations of a new and large church were laid at San Diego, but the structure was left incomplete when the military commander and the Fathers determined to establish a new mission at a point some six miles up the river valley called in native dialect Vipaguay. This proposal was made in 1773, and although Father Serra objected, considerations of agriculture and defense outvoted him. The change was made in the month of August, 1774. On the site of Vipaguay several buildings were erected, including a church of 57x18 feet. A cactus hedge, some of which still remains, was planted as a barrier against the Indians, and a level piece of land lying at the foot of the hill was prepared for a grove of olives—the first orchard of the kind ever planted in North America and one of the most productive ones now existing on the Pacific coast.

Cosoy was left for use as a presidio, and on November 4, 1775, eleven souls gathered within the mission for vespers, but outside, on the hills and amid the brush, 800 Indians were awaiting

a signal of attack. The odds were over seventy to one, counting the non-combatant priests and two Spanish boys in the minority. Somewhere about midnight the war-whoop was sounded and the Indians lighting flambeaux, rushed upon the mission building, setting it on fire. Father Jaume, awakened by the hideous noise, rushed out of the mission, followed by the two lads, and on seeing the horde of natives he paused with the customary salutation: "Amad a Dios, hijas"—"Love God my children." Further words were choked into inarticulate mutterings, for the natives were upon him. The padre was soon beaten to death with clubs.

In the meantime a desperate battle had begun. All the mission residents were not in the church, some of them having retired after vespers to adjacent huts. It was their purpose to get together, and in this effort a blacksmith was killed by an arrow in the vitals. The others soon found refuge in the mission, some of them sorely wounded, but the flames drove them to the barracks, which were also made untenable. All this time the air was full of hurtling darts, and it resounded with the cries of human rage and battle. Hard pressed, the little band retreated to a small adobe dwelling. Through its open door, which was rendered an easy mark in the glare of the conflagration, a shower of arrows fell, wounding all of the party and disabling three. The wind, too, had risen and was blowing smoke and sparks into the

little room where lying on the floor, was a sack of gunpowder. Father Fuster, seeing the danger, threw himself upon the explosive and shielded it with his own body from the fire, at the same time praying incessantly for aid. Then came the miracle, for the savages drew off. Scoffers said that the active musketry of old Corporal Rocha and his feigned commands as to an approaching force saved the forlorn hope, but the good priests knew that the might of prayer had again prevailed against the hosts of Satan and won the church a signal victory.

"Thanks be to God, the soil is at length watered, now surely will follow the reduction of the Dieguenos," was Father Serra's exclamation when the news of Padre Jaume's death was brought to him at Monterey. There were instant preparations on his part and on that of the military commander, Rivera y Moncada, to return to the scene of the disaster. Something detained Serra, but Rivera arrived, meeting the forces of Juan Bautista de Anza en route from Lower California north, and filling the presidio with a large body of armed men.

As comedy succeeds tragedy in the shifting play of life, it was not long before a discord of authority, humorous to look back upon, though serious enough at the time, arose between Father Fuster and that stout conquistadore of Spain, Rivera y Moncada. The cause of the attack upon the mission had been traced to two apostate converts who, going from that domicile

among the Indian rancheries, had stirred rebellious blood, tempted native cupidity and played upon the common fear that the padres would soon possess the land. One of these neophites returned and professed penitence. Rivera demanded his head. The priest, claiming for him the right of sanctuary, refused. The soldier then threatened to take the neophyte by force, and Father Fuster replied with a threat of excommunication. Caring nothing for the anathema, Rivera forced the door of the house in which the criminal was hid and marched him off to prison, passing Father Fuster on the way, who then and there, and without accessory of candle, bell and book, mounted a knoll and launched the curse of Rome. A smile curled the stern lips of the soldier, but it soon gave way before the apprehension of his troops. He was a thing accursed and it behooved him soon to seek absolution, which he did with becoming penitence.

Another chapter must be had to finish the story of mission toil and progress and achievement—a story which in more respects than one recalls, and yet transcends, the history of the Plymouth colonists on another coast. Between the monk and home, as well as between the Puritan and his native land, an ocean stretched, over which few messages came and in which neither pilgrim could hope to launch the fortunes of a returning fleet. Behind each was a region where nature frowned and where savages



CEDAR CREEK FALLS, SAN DIEGO COUNTY.





laid in wait. Upon each was the pressure of a harsh obligation, which entailed self-sacrifice, which visited pain and hunger and disappointment and which might end in death and failure. There was a wilderness to be reclaimed, barbaric races to be taught and civilized and a church welded out of pagan ignorance and vice. It is one of the epics of our land how the Plymouth fathers met and bore their trials, how they obtained freedom to worship God amid much storm and stress; but it is not related that they carried much gospel to heathen souls. They went about doing themselves good. It was left to the San Diego pilgrims to endure and die that good might come to others, and these a hostile people. The Pilgrim Fathers harried the natives with fire and sword and laid the torch upon their homes. But the bare-footed friars, even though war was made upon them and they had to struggle for their lives, still rang the bell of churchly invitation that the heathen might come in and share the unselfish blessings of a Christian fellowship. There have been nobler pilgrims in this land than any that ever trod with mailed heel upon Plymouth rock or marched into the abyssms of the woods with Saxon pride of conquest.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT THE MISSIONS.

IT was on the 11th of July, 1776, one week after the independence of the American colonies of Great Britain had been proclaimed, that Junipero Serra, President of the California missions, arrived in San Diego to re-establish his churchly outpost there and conciliate the fierce Dieguenos. First came the work of mission building, in which Padre Serra was aided by soldiers from the presidio and sailors from the fleet. In good time the structure was ready for its consecrated task. It was the fourth San Diego mission established since the first coming of Serra in 1796, and yet it was to be superseded before the church could gain a permanent habitation here. In 1780 another and ampler edifice was built. It was ninety feet long by seventeen wide and high, and its roof, which seems to have been gabled in Spanish fashion, was supported by stout beams, hewed by the Spaniards among the Cuyamaca forests and carried on the willing shoulders of the neophites. Many of these beams still exist, looking perfectly sound and bearing on their

surfaces the marks left by adze and auger. The walls of the new mission were thick and made of adobe. The entrances were built for defense as well as ingress, and the small windows answered for portholes. The main facade was of the usual Spanish or Moorish type with a tower. Within was a spacious chapel and a refectory, a kitchen, the fireplace of which still remains, and a row of cells in which niches were cut to bear the image of some saint. The



building made two sides of a quadrangle, the figure being completed by a wall, beyond which was the abattis of cacti for defense against the naked savages.

Once in the new mission the golden days of the priesthood began. Life in San Diego then was a thing of quiet progress in both good works and worldly gains for the padres, and one of idleness and turbulence for the troops. The latter had no faith in an Indian policy of moral

THE MISSION AT SAN DIEGO.

suasion, and oftentimes the good fathers were sorely vexed at their use among the "gentiles" of the mailed hand instead of the velvet glove. In April, 1777, four Indian chiefs were brought in and shot—the first of the long and gruesome line of California executions—much to the discomfort of the priests, who were forced to see unshaven souls launched to an avoidable perdition.

Chronicles grow brief. If the people are happier who have no annals, then the San Diegans were happy in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The most we know of that far-away time was that between 1781 and 1803, Lieutenant Jose de Zunaga, Lieutenant Antonio Grajera and Lieutenant Jose Font commanded respectively at El Presidio; and one of them, in the year 1797, built a fort at Point Grajera (Ballast Point). Before this in the winter of 1793, Vancouver, the English adventurer, brought his vessel into the harbor, but finding the port regulations too severe departed in haste and ill humor. Another item of interest in 1793 was the arrival of four Boston sailors who had been shipwrecked on the lower California coast and who were the first Americans to appear on the shores of San Diego bay.

One more mission was to be founded in San Diego county, at some point mid-way between this harbor and San Juan Capistrano. Several surveys and reconnoisances were made, and finally a point six miles from the sea and







thirty-five miles north of San Diego was chosen. The Indians called it Tacayme. The chief advantage of this site lay in its nearness to a great Indian tribe, the members of which differed from the Dieguenos in language, appearance and, best of all, in tractability. There was some arable land about the mission, but the greater portion was in the vale of Escondido and among the hills beyond. The new establishment was founded on the 13th of June, 1798, in the presence of a great assembly of Indians, and was dedicated to St. Louis, King of France—San Luis, Rey de Francia. The natives at once flocked to the altar and in less than three weeks 100 converts had been enrolled, among them the principal chiefs of the tribe. The mission grew prosperous. Before the close of 1800 it had received 317 Indians into the church; and on its worldly ledger for that year was credited 2000 bushels of wheat, 120 bushels of barley, 617 horses, mules and cattle and 1600 sheep.

The San Diego mission also prospered. According to data in the archives of the Southern California Historical Society "the list of neophites had swelled from 856 to 1523, with 1320 baptisms and 628 deaths. The mission cattle had increased from 2100 to 6000. The average yearly yield of grain on the mission valley farms was 1600 bushels."

The priests of the various missions were men of unspotted lives, perpetual vigil and

great religious industry and zeal. At the same time they were shrewd economists and knew the spiritual value of worldly wealth—of the means by which good could be wrought in the easiest way. Being of the Franciscan order they wore a gray habit, which flowed loosely from the neck to the ground and, like the traditional robe of the Savior, was without seams. The sleeves were wide and at the neck there was a hood which, when the weather was inclement, could be drawn over the shaven poll. About the waist was a cord and tassel.

Hospitality was one of the cardinal virtues of the priests. The mission was, to all intents and purposes, a wayside inn where the stranger was entertained without money and without price, and with all the solicitude for his well being which came from goodness of heart and the superstition that he might be an "angel unawares." Philip Crosthwaite, now a resident of Lower California, remembers that when a stranger was seen approaching a mission, no matter what the time of day, the fathers would order the table laid with meat and fruit and wine, and that, as he dismounted, his horse was led at once to the corral, unsaddled and fed, and he himself taken to a room where he could remove the stains of travel. Then he was escorted to the dining hall, over the entrance of which one could always see the "Buen Provecho"—the invitation to eat your fill. Finishing his meal the stranger was at liberty to take

his time about departing, but when he went he always found a fresh horse at the door, his own having been sent out to graze until his return.

The original Spanish priests were men of exceeding refinement and charm of manner, but they were devout royalists, and when Mexico became a republic most of them were removed and Mexican monks of the same order were put in their places. These last were priests of rougher mold, but they were always hospitable and kind, even if lacking in the erudition and polish of those whom they had superseded. The change was a loss in social graces, perhaps, but not in social virtues.

Padre Lasuen was the priest in charge of the mission in 1803, but he died on June 26th. The same year, by what was deemed an ominous coincidence, the church was damaged by an earthquake. The next twelve months witnessed the removal of the bones of Father Jaume and two of his colleagues to graves under the altar of the new mission.

The resident priests understood the art of husbandry. When Philip Crosthwaite came he found that they were raising wheat which did not rust and were having good success with orange trees on low, frosty bottoms. It was their habit, after a wet night and before the sun rose, to put a number of Indians across one end of a field of grain, each native helping to carry a rope which was pulled along the bearded tops, shaking the drops of moisture

from them. No wheat thus cared for ever became rusty. In regard to orange trees the padres had them sprinkled after a nipping night, and the heat of the sun did the delicate growths no harm.

Coming from Spain and inheriting the precepts of the Moors, the padres understood the science and art of irrigation. Somewhere between 1804 and 1819 the mission farm was fed with water from the river. A dam had been built of stones and cement and a flume had been constructed, the relics of which are still visible. It remains an open and interesting question where the cement came from.

The average yield of wheat at this time was 2300 bushels. In 1804 olive oil began to be produced.

The padres had a revenue from otter skins, in which they speculated; and they sold many of the hides that were carried to Boston in the droghers. During this time the gain in neophytes was reduced to 5 per cent. as compared with 75 per cent. in the preceding ten years. A cattle disease also decimated the herds. In 1829 agriculture reached its zenith, and the history of the mission from then until the secularization era, in 1834, was uneventful. Deprived of religious control, the Indians became less numerous and more troublesome.

At various times from 1829 the mission was visited and described by authors of repute. Alfred Robinson was a guest of its padres in

that year and left a narrative of his experience. He and a friend were received with the usual hospitality and grace and were invited, for the few minutes preceding the hour of noon and the time of dinner, to share a cosy seat with the fathers on the sunny side of the wall. While there talking of the experiences of travel the church bells tolled 12 and the two padres at once knelt, and the elder one began intoning the Angelus Domini. Robinson says that the other priest was intent, not upon the prayer, but upon the movements of a fly on the wall, following the sinuous course of the insect with the head of his cane and, when the closing words of the supplication, Amen! Jesus! were heard, bringing the knob down upon the fly and resuming the conversation where it had been broken off.

The dinner, which was served in the refectory, consisted of Spanish dishes, such as grusadas, fritos and azados, frijoles, tortilla de maize and native wine; and when the travelers departed, on their way to San Luis Rey, they carried a lunch, with the good wishes of their hosts, in which was a boiled chicken, a smoked beef tongue, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a loaf of bread, a small cheese and a bottle of wine.

Later, on two occasions, the mission was visited by Richard Henry Dana and described in his classic, "Two Years Before the Mast," as follows:

"After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles

we saw the white walls of the mission, and, fording a small stream, we came directly before it. The mission is built of adobe and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance—a number of irregular buildings connected with one another and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end, rising above the rest, with a tower containing five belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with very large rusty iron crosses at the top. Just outside of the buildings and under the walls stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw and of the branches of trees, grouped together, in which a few Indians lived under the protection and in the service of the mission.

“Entering a gateway we drove into the open square, in which the stillness of death reigned. On one side was the church, on another a range of high buildings with grated windows, a third was a range of smaller buildings or offices, and the fourth seemed to be little more than a high connecting wall. Not a living creature could be seen. We rode twice round the square in hopes of waking up some one, and in one circuit saw a tall monk, with shaven head, sandals and the dress of the Gray Friars, pass rapidly through a gallery, but he did not notice us. After two circuits we stopped our horses, and at last a man showed himself in front of one of the small buildings. We rode up to him and found him dressed in the

common dress of the country, with a silver chain around his neck and supporting a large bunch of keys. From this we took him to be the steward of the mission and, addressing him as 'Mayordomo,' received a low bow and an invitation to walk into his room! Making our horses fast, we went in. It was a plain room, containing a table, three or four chairs, a small picture or two of some saint, or miracle, or martyrdom, and a few dishes and glasses. 'Hay alguna cosa de comer?' said I, 'from my grammar. 'Si, Señor,' said he. 'Que gusta usted?' Mentioning frijoles, which I knew they must have if they had nothing else, and beef and bread, with a hint of wine, if they had any, he went off to another building across the court and returned in a few minutes with a couple of Indian boys bearing dishes and a decanter of wine. The dishes contained baked meats, frijoles stewed, with peppers and onions, boiled eggs, and California flour baked into a kind of macaroni. These, together with the wine, made the most sumptuous meal we had eaten since we left Boston; and, compared with the fare we had lived upon for seven months, it was a royal banquet. After dispatching it we took out some money and asked him how much we were to pay. He shook his head and crossed himself, saying that it was charity—that the Lord gave it to us. Knowing the amount of this to be that he did not sell, but was willing to receive a present, we gave him ten or twelve

reals, which he pocketed with admirable non-chalance, saying, 'Dios se lo pague.' Taking leave of him we rode out to the Indians' huts. The little children were running about among the huts stark naked, the men wore not much more, but the women had generally coarse gowns of a sort of tow cloth. The men are employed the most of the time in tending the cattle of the mission and in working in the garden, which is a very large one, including several acres, and filled, it is said, with the best fruits of the climate. The language of these people, which is spoken by all the Indians of California, is the most brutish, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could well be conceived of. It is complete slabber. The words fall off at the ends of their tongues, and a continual slabbering sound is made in the cheeks outside the teeth. It cannot have been the language of Montezuma and the independent Mexicans.

"Here, among the huts, we saw the oldest man that I had ever met with; and, indeed, I never supposed a person could retain life and exhibit such marks of age. He was sitting out in the sun, leaning against the side of a hut, and his legs and arms, which were bare, were of a dark red color, the skin withered and shrunken up like burnt leather, and the limbs not larger round than those of a boy five years. He had a few gray hairs, which were tied together at the back of his head, and he was so

feeble that, when we came up to him, he raised his hands slowly to his face and, taking hold of his lids with his fingers, lifted them up to look at us; and, being satisfied, let them drop again. All command over the lids seemed to have gone. I asked his age, but could get no answer but 'Quen sabe?' and they probably did not know."

Under secular control a mayordomo supplanted the padres, but when American rule was established the church was leased to various ranchers, and was eventually used as a barracks for the United States troops. When the military occupation ceased the edifice fell into neglect and, in 1876, was unroofed and otherwise damaged by a storm. It is now a hopeless ruin. The white facade of the chapel and refectory preserves some of its chief outlines, but the wing of cells and guests chambers is broken and battered. Not long ago the little rooms were used to stable mules. Part of the main roof exists, sustained by indestructible beams, and there are other relics of minor interest. Unless the Catholic church comes fully to its rescue, as come it has part way, all that will remain of Serra's Southern outpost will be shapeless mounds and broken timbers, among which the ground squirrel will play and upon which the lizard, nature's symbol of complete possession, will bask in undisturbed serenity.

CHAPTER VI.

PALMY DAYS OF OLD TOWN.

DURING the mission days, before Mexican rule was abolished, a small secular population was drawn together on the site of Cosoy. Men had come as soldiers or as explorers and remained as settlers. Some had deserted from visiting ships; others were still in quest of the "friar's lantern" which had long since tempted and mocked the gold-hunters of Cortez. In a short time these restless people, enamored of a climate which wrapped them like a spell, and a life which had the lotus charm of indolence and yet was one in which all natural wants were supplied in the bounties of an indulgent nature, cast their fortunes here for better or worse. They occupied the rich valleys, bought cattle from the padres, and in course of years, when the glory of the missions had departed, brought a new and more practical civilization into life. It was these men who established the traffic in hides which flourished for so many years and which made San Diego and Boston the terminal points of a prosperous maritime trade.

The ranchers had their settlement at Old Town, and there were but three places of similar importance elsewhere in Alta California—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Monterey. Not many ranch houses were built in those days, though they came into more general use during the annexation period. From Old Town the feudal lords of the back country journeyed to their ranges on horseback or in creaking ox-carts, where, on occasion, their herds were rounded up and branded. Semi-annually immense numbers were killed to supply the Boston ships, a cargo for one of which required 50,000 hides. The frequent killings were called "matanzas" and were conducted with careful system. Descriptions of them have come down to us. Alfred Robinson, who came to San Diego in 1829, and is still living, wrote a book in which the "matanzas" were graphically sketched. He says that "hundreds of cattle were crowded into a spacious enclosure for inspection. The vaqueros, mounted on splendid horses and stationed at its entrance, performed by far the most important part of the labor. When the mayordomo pointed out the animal to be seized, instantly a lasso whirled through the air and fell with dexterous precision upon the horns of the ill-fated beast. The horse, accustomed to the motion, turned as the lasso descended and dragged him to slaughter. Another lasso was then thrown which entrapped his hind legs and threw him prostrate to the

ground. In this position he was dispatched and the horseman returned for another. Sometimes it happened that one would escape and make off for the fields, pursued by the vaqueros, who, as they rode close in full chase, swung their lassos above their heads and threw them upon the animal's horns and neck, giving their well trained horses a sudden check, which brought him tumbling to the earth; or some one of the more expert would seize him by the tail and, putting spurs to his horse, urge him suddenly forward, overthrowing the bull in this manner."

In those days the population of Old Town was about 300. The place was, even in the "dead vast and middle" of its isolation, a happy, fortunate and well-equipped community. There was none of the hard fare and coarse grind of pioneer life. The surrounding waters teemed with fish, the back country supplied deer, bear and antelope and small game, the bay was tenanted with wild fowl at the proper seasons and the ranges were populated with cattle and sheep. When the Boston ships came to trade for hides and tallow they brought great cargoes of "Yankee notions," of tea, sugar, coffee, spices, hats, shoes, calicoes, furniture, rum, silks and staple groceries. So it came about that, while the road to New England lay across a thousand leagues of plain or 12,000 miles of water, San Diego was never more than a year, sometimes not more than six months, behind the Eastern

fashions, and it had the markets of the world to draw upon for seasonable supplies. Back in 1829 San Diego female society was well dressed, the upper classes invariably following the English style, a rich shawl of silk taking the place of the Spanish *rebosa*, and a fashionable gown, not more than a year from London modistes, supplanted the gay attire of the middle classes—the chemise with short lace-embroidered sleeves, the muslin petticoat with scarlet flounces and silk band of the same hue. As for the men they clung to the costume of short clothes and slashed jacket trimmed with scarlet braid, silk sash about the waist, "botas" of embroidered deer skin and the oval hat bound broadly with gold lace. Many Spanish ways did not last, however, and the impact of American ideas moved the resident Castilian families to accept the rule of the United States with cordiality and good feeling.

The social customs and amusements of Old Town remained those of Spain and Mexico. The dwellers in the land of summer and pretty women did not, like the English, "go about their pleasures sadly." The fiesta and the ball alternated with the bull fight and cocking main. The balls were elaborate and were usually danced in the picturesque Spanish dress, which lends itself so gracefully to terpsichorean exercise. The waltz was common and the dancers vied with each other in the invention of new figures. Sometimes the waltz and the

contra-danza took place at the same time, forming what one of the early reporters described as a "charming combination." The "jota" was a favorite waltz in which a lady would glide through a series of intricate and graceful figures, often with a glass of water poised on her head and sometimes with her feet muffled in a hand-kerchief which had been tied like a nightcap and thrown on the floor. The dancer inserted her feet in its folds without losing her harmony of motion, gliding with unimpeded grace about the ball room and releasing her feet without breaking, for an instant, the step required by the orchestral music. Sometimes while a lady was gliding through the "jota," a cavalier would place his sombrero on her head. If she did not like him, or did not care to accept his token of regard, she would fling the hat at the feet of the crestfallen swain, whereat his companions were at liberty to laugh and mock; but if the lady had been "setting her cap" for the cavalier, then she took his with coy acceptance, and to redeem it he was forced to make her a dainty gift, and was tempted, thereat, to press his suit for the hand he coveted.

At some of the dances or "bailes" egg shells filled with minute pieces of gold leaf, or even with cologne, were broken upon the heads of the guests unawares; and it was the custom for some one to be at the door of the ball room with a basket of these favors, from which the gay people of San Diego society helped themselves.

Under those tumble-down roofs, which stand to-day at the scene of Old Town's festivities, and within those gray and crumbling walls, what flashes of dark eyes and whitest teeth, what spectacle of slashed and girded cavalier, what clasp of fingers and silvery peals of laughter as the mandolin sounded the signal of the dance; what tinkle of guitar and whispered compliment and chivalric word and deed where now the horned toad blinks in dismal corners and the spider weaves his web across the forsaken portals.

The men had their own ruder amusements in Old Town, and when Virgin's Day (December 8th) came they were wont to fence the approach to the Plaza and hold bull fights there; and these alternated with cock fights until Christmas time was over and the zest of the festival spirit was dulled from over-use.

Play spells over, the main business, as we have said, was the curing and sale of hides. Large buildings were put up on the bayward slopes of Point Loma, and there the skins were delivered to the supercargoes of the Boston ships. Vessels came at intervals of a few weeks and disposed of wares on the credit system, leaving word that they would return at a certain time for hides, which they did after similar visits had been paid to San Pedro, Santa Barbara and Monterey. The ships would pass and repass between these ports until full return cargoes had been gathered and then, having

distributed the Boston consignments through the country, they would hoist sail for their long voyages around Cape Horn to Massachusetts bay.

The San Diego local government before the Americans came, and for some time thereafter, was carried on by a prefect, alcalde and ayuntamiento. The alcalde presided at the meetings of the board of regidores (aldermen), which regulated the business of San Diego and vicinity. The executive officer of the body was the syndico, who collected all moneys and made arrests when so ordered by the alcalde. All appeals from the decisions of the alcalde were decided by the prefect, who was the acting Governor.

Philip Crosthwaite says that, in 1845, Don Santiago Arguello was prefect, Don Francisco Maria Alvarado first alcalde, Don Ramon Arguello, son of the prefect, second alcalde. Later Americans held some of these offices, Mr. Crosthwaite himself serving as second alcalde.







CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE ON SEA AND LAND.

WHALING and hunting the sea otter were favorite San Diego pursuits between 1840 and 1850. Before the gold excitement multiplied the number of ships and steamers on the coast San Diego was a favorite breeding ground of whales. During the fall hundreds of females came there to have their young. Philip Crosthwaite, whose reminiscences of San Diego date from 1845, says that it was difficult at times to cross the channel because of the procession of leviathans. Outside the heads and close to the kelp the males of the species cruised, waiting to be joined by their mates and young; and it was among them that the whalers, who had a "trying" station at Ballast Point, made the greater number of their captives. The custom was, even in that early day, to use a bomb gun in place of the harpoon. Small boats were sent out, and when a whale was found within easy range an explosive missile was fired and the great bull, struck in vital parts, sank to the bottom. When the body came to the surface a day or two later the boats

were ready to tow it to Ballast Point, where its oil was tried out and barreled.

Sea otter hunting, which took San Diego traffickers down the coast of Baja California, was a pursuit that required more skill than the chase and the slaughter of the whale. The otter was as cautious as a fox or beaver and could be killed only by circumspect hunters who knew the conditions under which the wary amphibian might be approached. The sea must be smooth, the air clear and the advance on the otters, which were usually found in the kelp, must be made in a light canoe noiselessly and swiftly propelled. A rifleman sat in the bow, and when the head of an otter came momentarily to the surface and within range he was expected to make a snap shot which would lodge a bullet in its skull—a feat not to be despised by an expert marksman. Another means of capture was often tried successfully upon the old and gray-headed otter, the skin of which brought considerably more than the \$45 at which the pelt of the common otter was sold. When one of these animals was espied three canoes were instantly started in chase. The direction of the amphibian's dive was noted and the boats urged to such speed that the "grayhead" was unable to stay on the surface long enough to catch his breath and soon fell an easy prey to suffocation.

There was sport afield as well as on the sea. Brown and cinnamon bears were common

about Julian, and particularly so in the Temecula canyon. The grizzly did not frequent this part of California, nor were bears of any kind known on the peninsula. Wolves were abundant and of large size. An old pioneer tells of one that he shot in the foothills back of the Cajon, the head of which, tied to his saddle bow, left the legs dragging on the ground beside the horse. In 1846 Philip Crosthwaite had occasion to go to the Ballena with three wagons, which were driven by Indians. He rode on

horseback, and his dog, a valuable French setter which was given him by a naval friend, trotted under one of the carts. Suddenly the thrilling cry of wolves was heard on the hill-side beyond the road and a dozen great mastiffs of



PHILIP CROSTHWAITE
the lupine breed swept by and disappeared in the chaparral. Crosthwaite thought they had gone for good, but before a minute had passed the wolves were upon him and had torn his dog into bloody shreds. The attack and retreat were so sudden that not a shot could be fired, and

the wolves were in full cry toward the Santa Maria valley before Crosthwaite and the Indians were able to shake their scattered senses into place.

At nightfall the wagons creaked their way into the cattle range of the Santa Maria and Crosthwaite could hear the cries of calves as the wolves pulled them down. Hurrying to the ranch house he told the vaqueros what was going on, and at daylight they had saddled and were in hot pursuit of the gray marauders. The horsemen had not far to go, for the wolves, which had gorged themselves with blood and meat, were unable to run, and the entire pack was lassoed and shot.

Antelope were plentiful, even about the bay, and droves of them fed in winter on the rich grasses which grew where now are the paved streets and imposing squares of San Diego. A story has come down that these nimble creatures made nightly forays on a field of barley which lay near the site of the military barracks. At another time Capt. Jacob Bogert, who had charge of the hulk Clarissa Andrews, which was moored at La Playa as a coaling station for Pacific Mail steamers, planted a field of barley on North Island across the channel. It was not long before the keen scent of the antelope led them up the long sand barrier to what is now Coronado, and, in the end, there was not enough barley left to gather. The crop had been ruined by midnight foragers.

Mountain lions, a type of the cougar of South America and the panther of Eastern forests were common, but were regarded as too cowardly to be hunted for sport. A barking cur could tree one of them and hold him there.

As for game its name was, and still is, legion. Myriads of quail rose from every covert, and geese were plentiful and tame.



CHAPTER VIII.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

INTERCOURSE by sea with the Americans began in 1800, when a whaler, bearing the unromantic but distinctively New England name of *Betsy*, hove to off Ballast Point in quest of wood and water. Her coming was the cause of orders being sent from Mexico to treat Anglo-Americans with "great circumspection and prudence"—a mandate which, when withdrawn from its courteous Castilian phrase, meant that such adventurers would bear watching. In 1801 the American ship *Enterprise*, master of which was Ezequiel Hubbell, also dropped anchor in the bay.

Acting under their advices from Mexico the San Diego port authorities placed severe restrictions upon foreign commerce, and some trouble ensued. There was at the time (1800) a great demand in New England for the skins of the sea otters, to profit by which the local customs authorities imposed an export duty upon every pelt. To evade the tax and obtain a contraband cargo thereupon became the thrifty wish of every Yankee captain. In the

latter part of February the Alexander, Captain John Brown, entered port, ostensibly to rest the crew and secure treatment for scurvy; actually, to ship otter pelts on the sly. Captain Brown bought and loaded 491 skins, a cargo worth \$20,000, but his vessel was boarded and the skins seized and stored in an adobe warehouse which stood near the site of future Roseville.

Her captain discouraged, the Alexander withdrew, but on her way down the coast she spoke a friendly American vessel, the Lelia Byrd, advising her master, Captain Shaler, of the San Diego seizure and bargaining with him to obtain the pelts. The Byrd came in on the 17th of March, but Rodriguez, commandant of the port, declined to sell his prizes. Nothing daunted, the American sent some of his crew ashore for a midnight raid, but the mate and one boat's company were captured. Here was an unlooked-for crisis, but Captain Shaler met it with promptness and decision. The next morning half the remaining crew were sent ashore under command of one of the mates, pistols and cutlasses were flourished and the prisoners were released and returned to their ship. The Spaniards quickly manned the fort at Ballast Point and trained its rusty carronades upon the Byrd; but Captain Shaler, placing the customs guard, which was put on the ship by Rodriguez, in the exposed positions, hoisted sail and ran saucily out to sea. That was San Diego's first "Itata case."

A similar occurrence, which is recalled in the reminiscences of Alfred Robinson (who still lives) took place in 1829. The ship Franklin, from Boston, was detained in San Diego harbor on suspicion of being a smuggler. Suddenly, when the wind was fair, she spread her bunting and, running the gauntlet of the battery, soon passed around Point Loma, firing a derisive salute as she disappeared in the offing. It seems like poetic justice that bold seafarers of Spanish blood should, sixty-two years later, after San Diego had been for a generation in American hands, repeat the venture of the Byrd and Franklin, taking French leave of the authorities after a formal seizure of their vessel had been made, and abducting the official guard placed over them.

The Mexican war of independence and the presence of Spanish fleets on the coast led the San Diego commandant to strengthen the fort at Ballast Point and mount a sentry on the ridge of Loma, whose duty was to signal danger. However there was no attack made and the little town kept the even tenor of its way until the year 1817, when an event of commercial interest took place in the shipment of the first cargo of grain ever exported from this harbor. This grain went to Loreto in a vessel commanded by an American, Capt. James Smith Wilcox.

The next year a startling incident occurred. One morning a sail was noticed and the







watcher at the fort, peering through his telescope, was horrified to see the black flag of piracy flying from the peak of an armed ship. An alarm was given and a portion of the San Diego garrison hastened with all portables of value to Pala, returning with provisions for the presidio. The pirate ship, which hailed from Buenos Ayres and was commanded by Bouchard, tacked off and on in light winds, but did not offer to come into port.

Meanwhile the country was aroused, and when Bouchard hove in sight off San Juan Capistrano most of the mission valuables had been hidden. The church was garrisoned by thirty men from San Diego under Lieutenant Arguello, who had been sent there by Commander Ruiz. As to the service done by these men accounts differ. Tradition has it that Bouchard captured the mission and held high carnival there while the California soldiers hid among the hills.

Progress was slow in those days so far as temporal affairs went. In 1830 Old Town had but thirty houses besides the presidio. The Governor of the lower district of California—Antigua California, as it was called—lived there, as other Governors had previously done, because of the superior climate of the bay country. This official, General Don Jose Maria de Echeandia, is described by Alfred Robinson, who saw him in 1830, as a "tall gaunt personage," who received his guests with "true Span-

ish dignity and politeness." He lived in a spacious adobe house which stood in the center of a square of buildings used for military purposes. The dwelling was tall and enabled Echeandia to see the ocean as well as the town. Near by was a Gothic chapel and cemetery, and below in a depression was the group of houses which went to make up the settlement, most of the structures being rude foils to the pretentious home of that fine old *caballero*, Don Juan Bandini—a man of whom Richard Henry Dana wrote slightly, but who seems to have been a person of wealth, self-respect and position up to the day of his death.

Writing of San Diego in 1829-30, Mr. Robinson said: "The climate of San Diego is milder than that of any other port on the coast and not so much subject to dense fogs as Monterey and San Francisco. The soil presents a barren and uncultivated appearance, and although several spots dignified by the name of gardens are found upon the banks of a river which flows from the mountains during the rainy season, in which they cultivate a few vegetables, yet nothing can be seen of any agricultural importance except in places at some distance from the town. The hills and glens abound with many kinds of cactus, among which the rabbit and quail find shelter when pursued by the sportsman. These are both very numerous, the latter frequently rising in flocks of two or three hundred. Hares are

abundant, and here also as at all other places on the coast during the rainy season, the plains and ponds are crowded with ducks and geese, while thousands of brant cover the extensive bay."

A social escapade aroused the limited society of San Diego in 1829—the romantic elopement of Henry D. Fitch, an American trader, with Josefa Carillo, a beautiful scion of one of the first families. Fitch was a Protestant, or at least was not a Catholic, while Senorita Carillo was a devout daughter of the church. A license could not be had for their marriage; but love would gain its way. So one dark night when a brig left for the port of Lima, in far-away Peru, she carried the eloping couple, and in a few weeks of propitious sailing over smooth seas Lima was reached and the twain were made one flesh. It was more than a year, however, before the relatives of Madame Fitch would permit her to keep house with him. Mr. Fitch died in the fifties but his widow is still living, a resident of Sonoma county.

Between 1830 and 1840 San Diego's white population decreased owing to the depredations of the Indians. There were 2250 ex-neophites, many of whom had lapsed into barbarism; also several wild tribes which had strongholds in the mountains. In 1837 there was an Indian outbreak that had features of tragic and sorrowful interest. The story of this occurrence concerns in the main a family named Ybarra

that lived on the San Ysidro ranch. Besides Senor Ybarra and his wife were two young daughters of nearly marriageable age and a son, a lad of twelve. In the household was an Indian female servant, devoted to her mistress and to the church. This serving woman learned that one of the mountain tribes had planned to attack the Ybarra ranch on a certain day and she warned her employers of it a week before the time, begging them to take refuge at the presidio. Ybarra was not to be frightened by the red skins, and his temerity cost him his life. He refused to leave. At the appointed time a hundred Indians swarmed upon the ranch. Ybarra and two vaqueros were in a corral about 150 yards from the house when they saw the savages. They ran to get their arms, only to have the door of their home shut and locked in their faces by an Indian lad whom they had employed but who was doubtless in the pay of the hostiles. There was no escape, and the three unarmed men were clubbed and hacked to pieces.

The ranch house door was then opened and the Indians made a rush toward a recess where Dona Juana, the mistress, was cowering in abject fright. But here the unexpected happened. The serving woman sprang like a lioness upon the assassins and drove them back, defending her mistress with her life until she had gained for her the promise of immunity. Dona Juana was permitted to leave for the

presidio, but was deprived of all her clothing. On her way to Old Town she met her boy who was sent ahead to give the alarm and obtain some raiment for his mother. The girls had been captured and held as prisoners.

It was not long before the intelligence reached the Rancho Tia Juana, where, as it was the custom at certain seasons of the year, a number of San Diego families were encamped. Don Santiago Arguello had his home there, and the camping parties of Bandinis, Alvarados and others were his guests. All hands, on receiving the bloody news, lost no time in getting away; but before they had arrived at the presidio the Indians had burned Arguello's home and stolen the horses left upon his fields.

From the Tia Juana the savages made haste to the Rancho Jesus Maria, with a purpose to murder Don Jose Lopez and wife and steal their two daughters. Lopez was a wine maker and a wine bibber, and it happened by way of a queer Providence that the occasion found him drunk and intent upon having a celebration by himself. He went out at nightfall, all unconscious of the menace of the red men, and built large bonfires about his place, amusing himself in his drunken humor by going from one to the other and shouting with all the strength of his leathern lungs. As the Indians drew near they saw lights and heard hoarse cries. They halted and sent out a scout to reconnoitre. In a little while he returned

with the news that a large force of Californians was in bivouac about the Lopez homestead, whereupon the red marauders hurried away, not pausing in their flight until they had put many miles between them and their supposed enemies.

By this time a force of armed men had been gathered in San Diego and had gone in pursuit of the tribe. In this company were two grown sons of the dead Ybarra, who were anxious to learn the fate of their sisters. A captive told them that the girls had become the wives of chiefs. The Californians followed the trail until it led them into dangerous defiles where the Indians, from their inaccessible hiding places, could pick them off. Here the company halted, but the Ybarra brothers pressed on until they came near the Indian stronghold and actually saw their sisters and got close to them. Brave to rashness they attacked the camp, but were driven away wounded nearly to the death by a shower of arrows. The girls were never again seen and their fate is unknown.

During these years the Indians tried to capture the presidio by force, but were driven away with losses. Then they attempted to gain a foothold by strategy. Most of the Old Town families employed Indian cooks, and these, corrupted by their warlike cousins, entered into a conspiracy by which, on the next night, the Indians were to be admitted into every home.

It was arranged with the cooks to communicate with a spy from the hostile camp, they meeting him on the hill just above Old Town and giving him such points about the various households as would aid the success of the raid. While the cooks were laying their devilish plot a young woman, an Alvarado, who understood the Diegueno jargon, heard their conversation and carried the news to her friends. Visiting at the Alvarados was Don Pio Pico (still living) and his brother Don Andreas Pico, whose name will recur in another chapter of this history. These men, veteran soldiers both, at once took measures for defense. Every family was warned, arms were put in order and a company of minute men was organized. When the cooks appeared the next morning each one was lassoed and taken to the river flat west of town. It was the purpose to shoot them at once, but being Roman Catholics they besought the sacraments of the church. These were administered while a grave was being prepared. The priest having retired, the captives were made to kneel beside the excavation, whereupon a file of men disposed of them with a volley. Ten were executed.

A messenger was then sent to a Boston hide ship for a cannon; and that night, after putting the town in a state of defense, a squad of men was concealed in the chaparral on the hill where the spy was expected to appear. At the appointed hour his dusky shape was seen

skulking from bush to bush. As he neared the hiding place he uttered a low call like that of a bird, and in an instant more he was struggling in the meshes of a riata. He would not confess the whereabouts of his tribe, and to all threats and questions he was stolid and unresponsive. But his captors were of Spanish blood, inheritors of the inquisition. So they put the reticent spy to torture. One of his ears was cut off, and he was told that he would be mutilated piece-meal until he made a clean breast of it. Upon this his courage faltered and, breaking down, he gave the information that was sought. Being an unconverted savage with no title to the offices of the church, he was instantly shot for his pains and his body left for the coyotes.

The next morning at daybreak the hostiles were surprised by a volley; many of them were killed and the rest beat a terrified retreat to their wild haunts on the Volcan and amid the Cuyamacas.

Sometime in September, 1834, the brig *Natalia* appeared in port with a colony aboard which had been sent there by the Vice-President of the Mexican republic, Gomez Farias, to become the nucleus of a liberal party, of which Farias hoped to be the chief. The President, Santa Ana, had been previously acquainted with this plan and had sent an advance courier to San Diego with instructions to the local authorities to turn a cold shoulder on the political emigres. Accordingly the effects of some of

them were seized, and all the new comers were given to understand that they were not wanted here. However, making the best of a bad matter, they remained as ordinary citizens, eschewing politics, and in time some of them became prominent and influential.

Upon the 1st of January, 1835, San Diego had been under the government of the soldiers and the priesthood. But on that day a pueblo was organized, after an election in which thirteen votes were cast—an unlucky number for Pio Pico, who was defeated for alcalde by Juan Maria Osuna. The remaining officials chosen were Juan Bautista Alvarado, first regidor; Juan Maria Marron, second regidor; Henry D. Fitch, syndico.

The year 1836 was made memorable in San Diego history, though no one was conscious of it at the time, by the arrival of a young sailor on the hide ship Alert. He was "before the mast," and won no more notice, probably, than any other Jack Tar; but it was to him that San Diego came to owe much of its contemporaneous fame. The young man was a recent graduate of Harvard, yet to be a jurist of world-wide celebrity. He had shipped on the forecastle of the Alert for his health, but preserving his literary habit he had taken copious notes of his voyage and his experiences on the coast, printing them after his return home in a book that has been more widely read in this and other countries than any other American

volume of the day. The sailor was Richard Henry Dana. Dana described his first sight of San Diego, after leaving the "dangerous roadstead of San Pedro," as follows:

"We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light, fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance, one of which, situated on the top of a hill, was San Juan Capistrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor in the summer season and take off hides. At sunset on the second day we had a large and well-wooded landscape directly before us, behind which lay the little harbor of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night, but the next morning, which was Saturday, the 14th of March, having a good breeze we stood round the point and, hauling our wind, brought the little harbor, which is rather the outlet of a small river, right before us. Every one was desirous to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point (which was on our larboard hand coming in) protected the harbor on the north and west and ran off into the interior as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides the land was low and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low, stony point that the ship's sides appeared almost to touch it. There was no town in sight, but on the

smooth sand beach abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston, with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide houses. Of the vessels, one, a short, clumsy little hermaphrodite brig, we recognized as an old acquaintance, the *Loriote*; another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning sun with blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome *Ayacucho*. The third was a large ship, with top-gallant-mast housed and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' 'hide droghing' could make her. This was the *Lagoda*."

The presidio came to ruin in 1839, the one ragged trooper left there turning his sword into a pruning hook to save himself from want. A year later the mud fortress was dismantled, many of its adobe bricks having been removed to build houses with. The whole establishment was then sold for an amount equal to \$40. The guns that remained were sunk outside the heads nine or ten years later by Commodore Stockton; or all of them but one, the long bronze cannon *El Jupiter* being retained. This relic still exists and may now be seen on one of

the business streets of modern San Diego with its name and the date of its casting at Manila—1783—plainly lettered on the breech.

About this time the population, both white and red, suffered serious losses. The Old Town people were still stock raisers and, to a limited extent, farmers. It is said that much of their agricultural work was done in the Soledad valley.

In 1845 Captain Fitch surveyed and platted the pueblo, to which the Mexican government had granted a tract of 47,000 acres. Later the city's title to these lands was guaranteed by a treaty with Mexico and confirmed in 1863 by the United States.

There remains one more event of prime significance in the history of San Diego under Mexican rule which is what is known as the Pauma Indian massacre. For some reason no complete data covering this sad occurrence has come down to us. Bancroft dismisses the subject with the brief statement that eleven Californians who had gone to the ranch of Pauma to avoid military service were slaughtered by Garra's band of Cohuillas and fugitive ex-neophytes of San Luis Rey. The Indians were instigated by a man named William Marshall, who was afterwards hanged; and in January Garra's band was drawn into an ambush and most of its members slain by a troop of Californians and friendly red men. Philip Crosthwaite says that among the prisoners taken at

Pauma was a man who had but lately flogged an Indian in his service. For some reason this man was not killed on the spot but was driven naked towards the mountains, probably for leisurely torture there. En route his late servant met him and, with a savage leer, asked him if he recalled the flogging. The white man reminded the native that the punishment had not been given without cause; but the Indian, declaring that he would now have revenge, drew a knife and subjected his former master to a nameless mutilation. The captive was then goaded on through brushwood with the blood streaming down his thighs and soon afterward met his death.

Philip Crosthwaite contributes these fragments of historical narrative from his personal recollections of 1845: The foreign settlers in 1845 were Capt. Henry D. Fitch, Capt. John Snook, Capt. John S. Barker, Thomas Wrightington, John Post, Peter Wilder, John C. Stewart, William Curley, Thomas Russell, Cæsar Walker, Capt. Edward Stokes, an English carpenter known as Chips, Philip Crosthwaite, J. J. Warner, Enos A. Wall and A. B. Smith. There were two negroes named Allen B. Dight and Richard and Freeman. Of all the above named, both Mexicans and Americans, J. J. Warner, now living in Los Angeles, and Philip Crosthwaite of Lower California are the only survivors. Captain Fitch was married to Dona Josefa Carrillo and had several sons and daugh-

ters. Captain Stokes lived at the ex-mission of Santa Ysabel. His wife was a daughter of Don Joaquin Ortega, who owned the Santa Maria rancho, fifteen miles this side of Santa Ysabel. Jonathan J. Warner owned the San Jose valley, sixteen miles beyond Santa Ysabel, now known as Warner's ranch. Most of the settlers of San Diego were seafaring men. Mr. Warner, I have been told, was a trapper and crossed the Rocky Mountains in search of beaver. The leading Mexican families were those of Don Juan Bandini, Jose Antonia Estudillo, Miguel de Pedrorena, Los Arguellos, etc. The Mission of San Diego was about six miles up the valley. Padre Vicente was in charge of it. Dona Apolinaria Lorenzaro, the owner of the Jamacha ranch, assisted the padre. She died in Santa Barbara only a few years ago at the age of nearly 100. San Luis Rey was one of the finest missions on the coast in 1845. There was no resident padre there; the building was looked after on the part of the Mexican government by an administrator. Don Joaquin Ortega was then in charge. The buildings were complete, though since they have been suffered to go to ruin. On each 21st day of August, the anniversary of San Luis, was held a fiesta, when a priest would be there to hold mass in the morning. After mass would be over the day was spent in bull fighting, horse racing, and at night occurred a "baile" which was kept up till daylight. The native Californians were

a hospitable people. There were no hotels in those days, but a traveler was made welcome at any house on his road, and if his horse was tired he could get a fresh one, leaving his own, which he would find rested on his return. There were several Indian villages, in which lived a large number of Indians, who have now nearly disappeared. There was one about half a mile this side of the mission, another at San Dieguito, one at San Luis, Santa Margarita, Pala, Santa Ysabel and San Pasqual. At the mission of San Diego the village contained more than fifty huts and more than 300 inhabitants. Those of San Diego, San Dieguito, San Pasqual and Santa Ysabel spoke the Diegueno dialect; those of San Luis, Santa Margarita, Los Flores, Pala and Temecula the Coahuilla. It has been said that the Indians were treated as slaves by the padres, but that is not the truth, for invariably the Mission Indians spoke favorably of them and wished that they had remained with them. Those who acted contrary to the rules were punished by flogging, and if they ran away the captain of the tribe would capture and return them if they were in debt to the mission or the ranchers where they were employed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMERICAN CONQUEST.

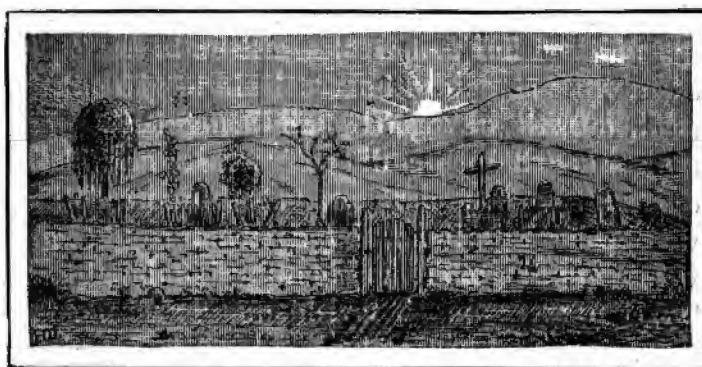
WHEN it was determined by the American naval authorities on this coast to seize California, a force under John C. Fremont was dispatched from Monterey to San Diego in the frigate Cyane, commanded by Commodore Dupont. In this corps were 100 men known, in their collective character, as the "Battalion of California Volunteers." They were mainly riflemen of the hardy plainsman class, many of whom had been with Fremont on his path-finding expeditions. The orders to Fremont were to gather horses at San Diego and hold himself ready to march north and co-operate with other forces against the Mexicans. The orders read that Commodore Stockton, in the frigate Congress, at San Pedro, would co-operate with Fremont and assist in making such disposal of the land commander's corps as would prevent the escape of the Mexican General Castro to Sonora.

Fremont arrived at San Diego on July 26, 1846. He found but few horses, as the Californians had driven their animals to the moun-

tains and concealed them. It was August 8th before he was ready to move. He left the American flag flying, and a guard of twelve men, under Ezekiel Merritt, remained to protect American interests. In this they were assisted by the Bandinis, Arguellos and other leading families, who, disappointed in the treatment which Mexico had meted out to her distant colonies in California and appreciating the just laws and stable government of the United States, regarded the American seizure as a public service. But San Diego was in a state of siege. The Cyane had gone and there were not enough arms-bearing men in that place to make a sortie. Every day, on the crests of the hills about the town, Mexican horsemen paraded, occasionally firing guns and always on the watch for horses and cattle to run off. That veteran pioneer, Philip Crosthwaite, remembers that, on one occasion, a man named Stevens, an armorer, seeing a group of hostile cavalry on the bluff where the ruins of Fort Stockton now are, ran into a blacksmith shop for a hot iron and used it to touch off a loaded howitzer that stood near by. Stevens had taken quick but true aim and the discharge scattered the horsemen, disabling one and tearing his mount to pieces. This event occurred in November, 1846.

About this time, taking advantage of the weakness of the local garrison, a Mexican ranger, Francisco Rico, marched on San Diego

with fifty mounted men. Some Americans at San Louis Rey thereupon hastened to join forces with Merritt, but when Rico approached the whole garrison took refuge on the drogher Stonington, which lay near the hide houses. From that vessel one dark night a messenger (Bidwell) was dispatched to San Pedro in a small boat to secure help. Bidwell said he was fired on by the natives at San Juan Capistrano on his way up the coast and was very nearly



CEMETERY AT OLD TOWN.

wrecked in a gale. But his mission was successful, Lieutenant Minor and a small marine force returning with him and, in company with the Stonington refugees, retaking San Diego. In this engagement artillery was used on both sides, the Mexicans having a piece which they had captured with the town. The Americans, though they had regained their ground, had not been able to march against Rico's men, who

still occupied the mesa. In fact Minor's command was besieged, and word to that effect was sent north.

Commodore Stockton soon put in an appearance on the bay in the frigate Congress. It was time, for the town was in sore need of reinforcements and supplies. There was much trouble in getting the Congress into port owing to the imperfect charts at hand and the great size of the vessel. Once or twice the flagship was in peril of sticking fast, but good seamanship finally brought her to a safe anchorage. "The situation of the place," wrote Stockton to Secretary Bancroft, "was found to be most miserable and deplorable. The male inhabitants had abandoned the town, leaving their women and children dependent upon us for protection and food. No horses could be obtained to assist in the transportation of the guns and ammunition, and not a beef could be had to supply the necessary food. On the afternoon of our arrival the enemy came down in considerable force and made an attack; they were, however, soon driven back with the loss of two men and horses killed and four wounded. These skirmishes, or running fights, are of almost daily occurrence. Since we have been here we have lost as yet but one man killed and one wounded."

In a footnote quotation from Stockton's report and Judge Hayes' "Immigration Notes," Bancroft gives the following:

[Bandini, Arguello, Pedrorena and others were very friendly to the Americans. J. A. Estudillo was neutral, like Abel Stearns, who went at first across the frontier and later to the Cajon rancho. Bandini entertained sumptuously. Some of the force were quartered at the house of Dona Maria Ibanez and part at the Arguello house. Women and children were gathered within the strong walls of the Estudillo house. The Californians held the fortified Stockton hill so near that Juan Rocha could be heard shouting to his aunt for ropa and chocolate. J. M. Orozco amused himself by firing at A. B. Smith when he climbed the flag-staff to fix the flag; and also at Pedrorena, who was escorting a young lady—merely to scare him. One day a party came down and drove off some cattle from the flat near the Arguello house. Then on the eighth day of the siege Captain Arguello, with a company, ascended the hill and, though wounded in the leg, drove the Californians under Hermosillo from their position. They made a new stand behind the ruins of the old presidio walls, but soon retreated toward the mission. Captain Pedrorena went in pursuit, and about a mile up the valley met and exchanged some shots with the advance guard under Leandro Osuna. Farther on an American, going to water his mule in a canada, was killed. Pedrorena was again successful in a charge on the foe at the old mission, where Ramon Carillo (?) and others were taken pris-

oners. From this time many, disgusted with Hermosillo's conduct in these affairs, began to come in and give themselves up. Dances and festivities followed. The grand music of Stockton's naval band is still spoken of by the natives. At one of the jollifications came the news of Kearny's approach.]

Shortly after Stockton's arrival the principal hill overlooking Old Town was seized and fortified with a work that was named after the naval commander. Fort Stockton was built by the sailors and consisted of a ditch or moat, behind which casks filled with earth were placed at intervals of two feet. Filling some of the spaces were twelve guns, four pointing down upon San Diego, four towards the Los Angeles road and four towards the Mission valley. One hundred men made the garrison, which was commanded by Lieutenant Minor, afterwards Governor of the Southern District of California.

In his further report Commodore Stockton says that he sent an Indian to ascertain where the principal force of the insurgents was encamped. "He returned with information that a body of them, about fifty strong, was encamped at San Bernardo, about thirty miles from San Diego. Captain Gillespie," adds the Commodore, "was immediately ordered to have as many men as he could mount, with a piece of artillery, ready to march, for the purpose of surprising the insurgents in their camp. Another expedition, under command of Captain Hensley

of the battalion, was sent to the southward for animals, who, after performing the most arduous service, returned with 500 head of cattle and 140 horses and mules. About December 3rd two deserters, whose families lived in San Diego, came into the place and reported themselves to Lieutenant Minor, the commander of the troops." On receiving information of the fact the Commodore states that he repaired to Minor's quarters with his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Gray, for the purpose of examining one of these men. "While engaged in this examination a messenger arrived with a letter from General Kearney of the United States Army apprising me of his approach and expressing a wish that I would open communication with him and inform him of the state of affairs in California. Captain Gillespie was immediately ordered to proceed to General Kearney's camp with a force which he had been directed to hold in readiness. He left San Diego about 7:30 o'clock the same evening."

With Gillespie was Lieutenant Beale, afterwards United States Minister to China. When their forces met those of Kearney the latter had arrived at Ballena and were in a suffering condition, caused by hardships incident to a long march, much of it through a barren country.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF SAN PASQUAL.

LIUTENANT BEALE, following Stockton's orders advised General Kearney to take a circuitous route to San Diego and avoid Andreas Pico's ninety lancers, who, being brave and well armed and having fresh mounts, might prove more than a match for the fagged Americans. At first thought Kearney favored the plan, but his guide, the famous Kit Carson, assured him that the Californians would not fight. Convinced by this that he would have an easy triumph, he discarded Beale's advice and made ready for an offensive movement.

Kearney's troops rode half starved mules and had themselves suffered from hunger on the desert and from cold and hunger on the mountains. Beale knew that men could not fight long on empty stomachs, and that mules, even when in good condition, could not be managed so well as horses in a cavalry engagement. But no small matter of prudence could restrain Kearney's impetuous desire, now that he thought the foemen were weak and cowardly, to cross swords with them. He had but lately been

made a General. Should he not show the wisdom of that appointment by seizing the first chance that offered to win a victory which, however insignificant his opposing forces might be, would certainly look well in his reports to the Secretary of War.

Kearney's first move was one to mark the position of Pico's forces. For this purpose he detailed as scouts an officer and private, both mule-mounted, instructing them to "locate the enemy." Pico had no idea at the time that any American force, other than Stockton's, had entered the country. His first hint of Kearney's presence came when the scouts clattered down on one of his pickets. This sentry had been posted, in a casual way, about half a mile from a large ranch house near San Pasqual, where the native force was quartered. Seeing two hostile strangers, both in uniform, galloping towards him, the picket fired, fled and raised the alarm. By wiser strategy the lancers might have been captured, because their horses were grazing at a distance from camp and Kearney could have stampeded the animals and thus had the Californians at a disadvantage. But the rashness of the scouts made such a move impossible. Their attack led to a counter assault, which was made with such spirit and dash that Kearney's videttes were obliged, in fleeing, to throw away some of their belongings. Pico found a grey blanket marked "U. S." and an officers coat. This put him on his guard. The



horses were brought in and he made instant preparations to fight. Meanwhile Kearney was approaching with all his force.

First came the American advance guard of twelve men, under Captain Johnston's command. Kearney himself followed with Lieutenants Emory (afterwards a General in the civil war) and Warner of the engineers, with a small escort. Nearly all of them were mounted on jaded and balky mules. Next came fifty dragoons led by Captain Moore and Lieutenant Hammond, and then twenty volunteers of the California Battalion, many of whom, including Philip Crosthwaite, had been recruited at San Diego. This force was led by Captains Gibson and Gillespie. The artillery, two mountain howitzers, followed, and the rear was brought up by the baggage wagons, guarded by sixty men under Major Swords and by a field piece that had been sent out from San Diego in Gillespie's care. The march had taken place in the night. It had rained and cold weather had followed. So when morning broke over the rugged hills and the wild valley of San Pasqual, revealing the enemy, not only the sorry mounts, but hunger, fatigue, cold and wet had made the Americans despondent and spiritless.

Pico's lancers were moving, and they made a gallant show with their picturesque native costumes, their long spears and mettlesome chargers. When they saw the condition of Kearney's men they are said to have exclaimed:

"Aqui bamos hacer matanza"—Here we are going to have a slaughter. In this they did not err.

On seeing the foe Kearney ordered Captain Johnston to charge. There were odds of thirteen to ninety, but if Carson was right in saying that "the Californians would not fight," the prospect of success was good. But Carson was fatally wrong. Pico's men stood firm. They discharged a scattering volley, which killed Captain Johnston and a dragoon, and then they received the enemy at the point of the lance. There was a brief hand to hand fight and the Americans were beaten back with wounds and losses.

By this time Kearney's main forces were within range, and as they came charging up as fast as their mules could carry them, Pico's men fled, pursued by fifty of Kearney's dragoons led by Captain Moore. As the chase continued the Americans, from the fact that their mounts were of varying wind and speed, became strung out in a long, weak line. After running half a mile Pico perceived this error and, wheeling his men, came back upon the vanguard of his pursuers. A terrible hand-to-hand fight followed, in which sabres were opposed to spears and mules to horses. Kearney's firearms were nearly useless, as the rain had moistened the powder. It was not until the howitzers came up that Pico retreated, leaving seventeen of the Americans dead on the field and eighteen

wounded. Among the latter was General Kearney, who had been singled out by a young Californian and rendered hors du combat with a spear thrust in the back. The Californians had escaped without loss of life.

It is related by one of the survivors of this fight that some of the Americans took refuge among rocks before the battle had ended, and, as they rushed to this retreat, blackened by smoke and grime, they found a man who mistook them for Pico's troopers. This person was on his knees, with his hands held up, and he begged them in Spanish to "spare and forgive" him. The suppliant was Kit Carson.

The Californians having drawn off, Kearney prepared to bury his dead. Only one man had been killed by a gunshot wound, the rest having been thrust, from three to ten times in each instance, by lances. Besides Johnston, Moore was killed by a spear thrust through the body, Hammond had received a fatal wound in trying to save Moore, Gillespie was left for dead after having made a skilful and desperate fight, Warner was wounded three times, Kearney twice, and Beale and Gibson had various cuts and bruises. Pico had captured one of Kearney's howitzers during the fight and killed the man in charge of it. He had also taken several prisoners to Kearney's one. This one, a Californian named Vejar, was put in the custody of Philip Crosthwaite, who was obliged to defend the captive from assassination, particularly at

the hands of a Delaware Indian who had accompanied Kearney as a guide, and who had a racial antipathy, in which for the moment some Americans shared, to sparing prisoners.

Kearney's wounds keeping him from further duty, Captain Turner took command, and a day was spent in caring for the injured and making rude ambulances. As to the latter, the Indian device of attaching two long poles to a mule, letting them trail several feet behind the animal, like lowered thills of a wagon, and hanging a blanket between them to serve as a hammock, was employed. In this way the wounded men were slowly conveyed towards San Diego along rough trails, every jolt due to which caused them to scream with pain. At this time four men were dispatched to Old Town with a written request from Kearney to Stockton for re-enforcements.

"When night closed in," wrote Emory, "the bodies of the dead were buried under a willow to the east of camp, with no other accompaniment than the howling of myriads of wolves. Thus were put to rest together and forever a band of brave and heroic men. The long march of 2,000 miles had brought our little command, both officers and men, to know each other well. Community of hardships, dangers and privations had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss to sink deep in our memory. Our position was defensible, but the ground, covered with rocks and cacti, made it

difficult to get a smooth place to rest, even for the wounded. The night was cold and damp and sleep was impossible."

In due season Kearney's messengers had reached the bay. They found Stockton in the midst of social enjoyments. He was the honored guest of Don Juan Bandini, at whose hospitable board he was wont to gather the ladies of San Diego, while, on the Plaza near by, his private band played stirring marches and ear-haunting serenades. In the afternoon there were parades and evolutions of the sailors and marines, and in the evening the great hall in the Bandini mansion was filled with fair women and brave men, who danced away the hours unconscious of the tragedy that was being enacted in the mountains. The messengers found Stockton at such a gathering and delivered their General's request. To their astonishment the Commodore refused the needed aid. Kearney had disobeyed his instructions and got into trouble. Let him make the best of it! Whereupon the haughty sea king, his starched and ruffled dignity swelling with wrath at Kearney's presumption, turned on his heel and rejoined the merry-makers. Sick at heart, the messengers made their way back towards San Pasqual, only to be captured by Pico's men en route.

On the 7th of the month Kearney resumed command. His march led to San Bernardo ranch, a point thirty miles northeast, in a direct line from San Diego bay. The Americans

found a few chickens, which were used for the sick, and some cattle, which gave the active command a ration of beef. Continuing the march they came to the Escondido mountain, and at its base were attacked by Pico's lancers from the rear. Leaving their cattle, they marched up the hill, dislodging a small force of Californians which had got there ahead of them. Kearney formed camp on the crest and Pico took a position across a near-by creek, sending at once to Los Angeles for re-enforcements in the hope of getting enough men together to carry the hill by direct assault.

Kearney staid where he was, subsisting on mule meat. Some water had been found by digging, and there was a prospect that the Americans would be able to hold out for at least ten days.

On the afternoon of the 8th an envoy, under a flag of truce, came from Pico, conveying the news that the four scouts sent to Stockton for aid had been taken prisoners, and offering to exchange one of them for Vejar. The envoy also brought some delicacies and a change of clothing for Gillespie, which comforts had been sent him by a San Diego lady (whom the writer believes to be still living) through the captured messengers. The proposed exchange was made, and Kearney then learned of Stockton's refusal to give him aid and succor. It was thought best to send a second message to the Commodore, and Lieutenant Beale, Kit Carson and an

Indian volunteered to take it. They traveled by night, and there is a record of Beale and the Indian having reached their destination. Beale had crawled on his hands and knees a part of the way, and when he entered San Diego his friends did not recognize him. He had been reduced to a skeleton and was exhausted and bleeding, but he was able to tell his story. There was an instant flame of excitement following this, and Stockton was denounced for his indifference and cruelty. So strong did the pressure upon him become that he could not afford to withhold the needed relief. So a force of 200 men, with artillery and provisions, was at once dispatched to San Bernardo.

In the meantime Sergeant Cox had died of his wounds and been buried. On the 10th the Californians made an effort to stampede Kearney's mules by driving a band of wild horses among them. Some of the horses, according to Bancroft, were made furious by having brambles or sheepskins tied to their tails. The horses were turned back, however, and two of them were shot on behalf of the commissary.

Things having become desperate, General Kearney determined to break the siege and march for San Diego; and to this end an order was issued to destroy all property that could not be readily carried. Before this could be done, however, Pico's men were seen to break camp hastily and gallop away, and in a short time the bugle note of relief was heard and

Stockton's 200 were in camp. As soon as possible the line of march was again taken up, the forces camping for the night on Alvarado's Los Peñasquitas ranch, and arriving in San Diego late in the afternoon of the 12th.

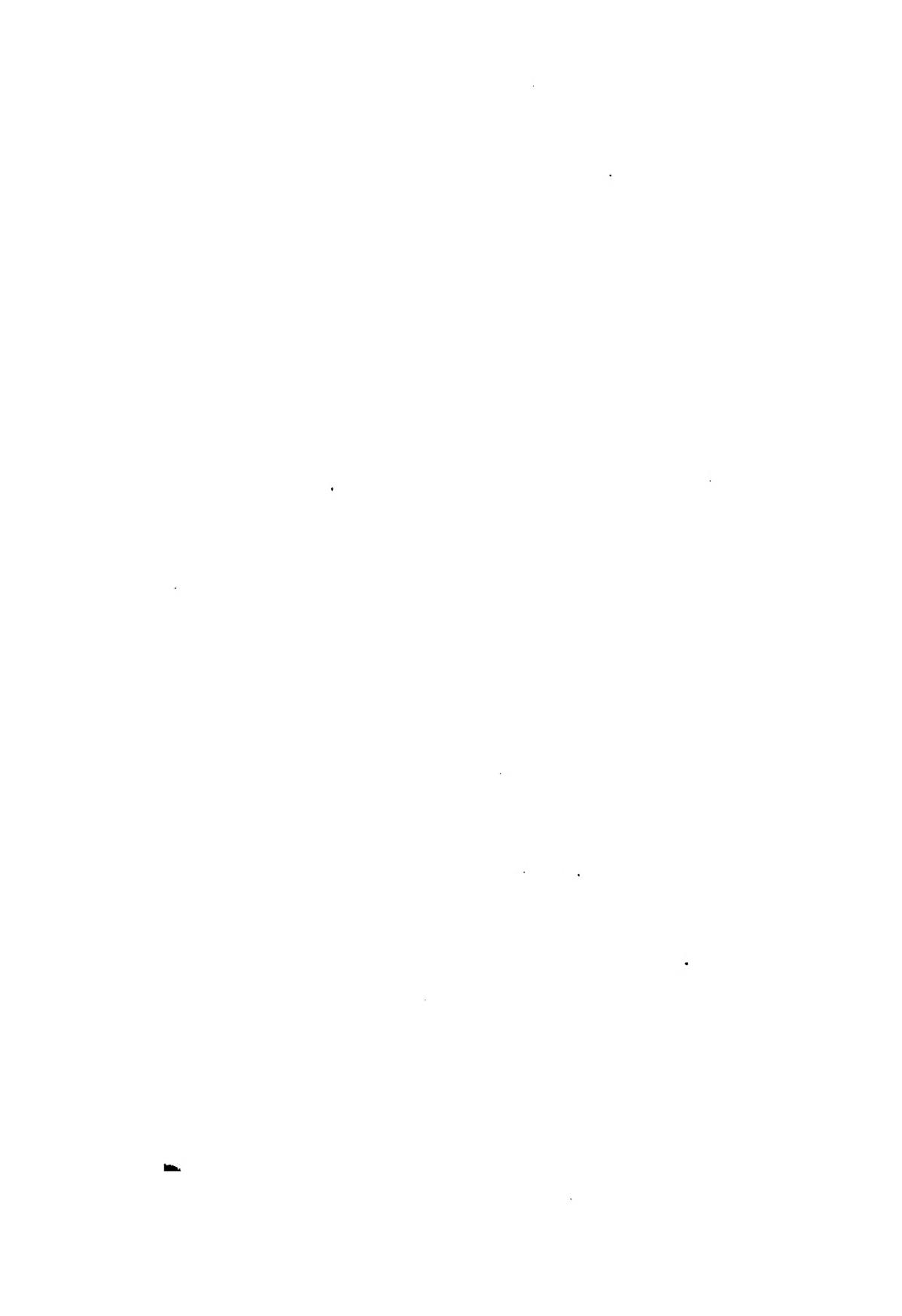
Thus ended a short campain in which blundering seems to have been the chief characteristic of the commanding General—a conclusion which is subject to whatever benefit he and his officers may derive from the plea that their acknowledged military talents had been temporarily eclipsed, when the San Pasqual attack was ordered, by a too liberal indulgence in California wine.

In course of time the bodies of the men who fell at San Pasqual and were buried under the willow tree, were removed to Old Town and interred in a small enclosure, which still stands, protecting rude headboards, to the left of the road as the village is approached along the bay from the new city of San Diego.









CHAPTER XI.

AS TIME WENT ON.

FTER the Mexican war a post of the United States troops was established at San Diego, and the society of the venerable town began to feel the influence of the young officers, who danced and flirted with the dark-eyed señoritas and eventually married some of them. One of the regulars who remained there after the Kearney expedition was Lieutenant, then Major, and afterwards General W. H. Emory, whose impressions of San Diego, as chronicled in his private memorabilia, are interesting enough to be quoted at more length than the limits of this narrative will afford. "The town," he wrote, "consists of a few adobe houses, two or three of which only have plank floors. It is situated at the foot of a high hill, on a sand flat two miles wide, reaching from the head of San Diego bay to False bay. A high promontory of nearly the same width runs into the sea four or five miles and is connected by the flat with the main land. The road to the hide houses leads on the east side of this promontory, and abreast of them the frigate

Congress and the sloop Portsmouth are at anchor. San Diego is, all things considered, perhaps one of the finest harbors on the coast from Callao to Puget Sound, with a single exception—that of San Francisco. In the opinion of some intelligent navy officers it is preferable even to this. The harbor of San Francisco has more water, but that of San Diego has a more uniform climate, better anchorage and perfect security from winds in every direction." Major Emory prophesied that the time must come when a railroad would reach this harbor from the Mississippi via the Gila valley.

In 1849 San Diego was drawn into the swirl of excitement caused by the discovery of gold, and many residents, not knowing that the mountains about them had stores of treasure, and perhaps not caring if they had known, because of the absence there of placers, went to the famous diggings of Dutch Flat, Calaveras, Mokelumne Hill and all the other auriferous hunting grounds where fortunes were being made so rapidly. Out of one pocket Philip Crosthwaite took forty-seven ounces of gold; but all these Argonauts had downs as well as ups, and it is not recorded that any San Diegan joined the fortunate few who became men of millions.

In 1849 the author, journalist and traveler, Bayard Taylor, came into the harbor on one of the San Francisco and Panama steamships. It will be of value to this narrative to include his

account of the visit, in spite of the intrusion made in dearth of foot-note facilities upon the text. "Two mornings after," wrote Mr. Taylor in his "Eldorado," "I saw the sun rise behind the mountains back of San Diego. Point Loma, at the extremity of the bay, came in sight on the left, and in less than an hour we were at anchor before the hide houses at the landing place. The southern shore of the bay is low and sandy; from the bluff heights on the opposite side a narrow strip of shingly beach makes out into the sea, like a natural break-water, leaving an entrance not more than 300 yards broad. The harbor is the finest on the Pacific, with the exception of Acapulco, and capable of easy and complete defense. The old hide houses are built at the foot of the hills, just inside the bay, and a fine road along the shore leads to the town of San Diego, which is situated on a plain, three miles distant, and barely visible from the anchorage. Above the houses on a little eminence, several tents were planted, and a short distance further were several recent graves surrounded by paling. A number of people were clustered on the beach, and boats laden with passengers and freight instantly put off to us. In a few minutes after our gun was fired we could see horsemen coming down from San Diego at full gallop, one of whom carried behind him a lady in graceful riding costume. In the first boat were Colonel Weller, United States Boundary Commissioner, and Major Hill

of the army. Then followed a number of men, lank and brown 'as is the ribbed sea sand'—men with long hair and beard and faces from which the rigid expression of suffering was scarcely relaxed. They were the first of the overland immigrants by the Gila route, who had reached San Diego a few days before. Their clothes were in tatters, their boots, in many cases, replaced by moccasins, and, except their rifles and some small packages rolled in deer skin, they had nothing left of the abundant stores with which they left home. We hove anchor in half an hour and again rounded Point Loma, our number increased by more than fifty passengers. The Point which comes down to the sea at an angle of 60 degrees, has been lately purchased by an American, for what purpose I cannot imagine, unless it is with the hope of speculating on the government when it shall be wanted for a light house."

On the 18th day of March, 1850, the present city of San Diego was founded. At that time Alcalde Sutherland granted and devised to William Heath Davis, Jose A. Aguirre, Andrew B. Gray, Thomas D. Johns, Miguel de Pedrona and William C. Ferrall 160 acres of land a few miles south of Old Town and close to the army post and to a sandspit which is the present site of the Santa Fe wharf. The purpose was to create—so the deed ran—"a new port," and it was stipulated that a dock should be built within eighteen months. The purchase

price of the land was \$2,304. Under this arrangement a wharf and several houses were built. The attendant circumstances, of which but little data appears in San Diego archives, were thus related by Mr. Davis in an interview which the "San Diego Sun" had with him in 1887:

"Of the new town of San Diego, now the city of San Diego, I can say that I was its founder. In 1850 the American and Mexican commissions, appointed to establish the boundary line, were at Old Town. Andrew B. Gray, the chief engineer and surveyor for the United States, who was with the commission, introduced himself to me one day at Old Town. In February, 1850, he explained to me the advantages of the locality known as 'Puente de los Muertos' (Point of the Dead), from the circumstance that in the year 1787 a Spanish squadron anchored within a stone's throw of the present site of the city of San Diego. During the stay of the fleet, surveying the bay of San Diego for the first time, several sailors and marines died and were interred on a sandspit, adjacent to where my wharf stood, and was named as above. The piles of my structure are still imbedded in the sands as if there had been premeditation to mark them as the tomb-marks of those deceased early explorers of the Pacific Ocean and of the inlet of San Diego, during the days of Spain's greatness. I have seen Puente de los Muertos

on Pantoja's chart of his explorations of the waters of the Pacific.

"Messrs. Jose Antonio Aguirre, Miguel de Pedrorena, Andrew B. Gray, T. D. Johns and myself were the projectors of what is now known as the city of San Diego. All my co-proprietors have since died, and I remain alone of the party and am a witness of the marvellous events and changes that have since transpired in this vicinity during more than a generation.

"The first building in new San Diego was put up by myself as a private residence. The building still stands, being known as the San Diego hotel. I also put up a number of other houses. The cottage built by Andrew B. Gray is still standing, and is called 'The Hermitage.' George F. Hooper also built a cottage, which is still standing near my house in new San Diego. Under the conditions of our deed we were to build a substantial wharf and warehouse. The other proprietors of the town deeded to me their interest in block 20, where the wharf was to be built. The wharf was completed in six months after getting our title in March, 1850, at a cost of \$60,000. The piles of the old wharf are still to be seen on the old wharf site in block 20. At that time I predicted that San Diego would become a great commercial seaport, from its fine geographical position and from the fact that it was the only good harbor south of San Francisco. Had it not been for our Civil War, railroads would have reached here years before

Stanford's road was built, for our wharf was ready for business."

The wharf, which Mr. Davis built with high civic and railroad anticipations, did not last very long, for what the teredos left of it the soldiers destroyed. It appears that in the early days of the war six or seven hundred troops, some of whom were bound to Arizona to protect it from the Confederates, were quartered at the barracks. The time was winter; there was unusual cold and the moisture was unprecedented, not less than thirty inches of rain having been recorded at the season's end. In the course of time the fuel at the barracks gave out and the commander of the post, acting under his war power, took up the wharf and tore down the Davis warehouse, using the material for firewood. Mr. Davis sought relief from Congress in after years in the sum of \$60,000, but finally got 10 per cent. of it.

The first civilized social gathering ever held on the site of modern San Diego, so far as can be learned, occurred in 1851, soon after the barracks (which are still in use at the corner of H and Arctic streets) were completed. The Quartermaster of the post, a man afterwards known to the annals of the civil war as Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, gave a ball, to which the best people of Old Town, Los Angeles and of the ranchers were invited. They came in goodly numbers, and tradition yet lingers about the scene, recalling the loveliest of women, and

men upon whose brows fame was yet to place enduring chaplets.

Up to February 18, 1850, San Diego remained a pueblo in the Southern District of California, but on that date the State was divided into twenty-eight counties, of which San Diego was the first to be organized. On April 1st, pursuant to a law previously enacted, the first county election was held and the following officers were chosen: District Attorney, William C. Ferrall; County Judge, John Hays; County Clerk, Richard Rust; County Attorney, T. W. Sutherland; County Surveyor, Henry Clayton; Sheriff, Agostin Harazthy; Recorder, Henry C. Matsell; Assessor, Jose Antonio Estudillo; Coroner, John Brown; Treasurer, Juan Bandini. Bandini refused to accept and Philip Crosthwaite was appointed.

The roll of the first county assessment made the following exhibit of taxable property:

Ranch lands.....	\$255,281
Ten stores, capital.....	65,395
Six vineyards.....	
Eighty-eight houses.....	104,302
Cattle, 6,789.....	92,280
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$517,258

The city assessment roll was as follows:

Old Town.....	\$264,210
New Town.....	80,050
Middletown	30,000
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$375,160



At that time the county had a population of 798, of which the city contained 650.

In 1851, the San Diego Herald, a newspaper which acquired a great reputation, was established, the history of which follows in a separate chapter.

In 1852 Philip Crosthwaite became County Clerk and Recorder and gained the distinction, withal, of being the only man who ever held all the San Diego offices at one time—County Clerk, Treasurer, Sheriff, Attorney, Recorder, Surveyor, Assessor and Coroner—having been deputized during the absence of the regular force at a bear and bull fight.

The assessment rolls of 1852 show that the county then had forty-three taxpayers, representing a total private ownership of 462,862 acres of land, an average of 10,000 acres each. The valuation of this property was \$100,174, or a little over 20 cents an acre. The total improvements were valued at \$5,950, and the personal property at \$82,738. The total tax collected was \$1,479.74.

In 1851 Col. J. J. Warner dwelt with his family upon a great mountain property then and since known as Warner's ranch. Near by lived several tribes of Cohuillas, which, tempted by the Colonel's possessions, laid a plot to attack his home, kill him and plunder the ranch store. Hearing of this, Colonel Warner sent his family to San Diego, and did it none too soon, for on the second day after their departure

the assault was made, in the gray of the early morning, by several hundred armed and painted savages. Warner's saddle horses were tethered near the door and all were stampeded save one. An Indian was about to unfasten this animal when Warner appeared and shot him dead. Two other savages met a like fate, and, taking advantage of the panic which followed, Warner gained the horse, taking with him a little mulatto boy who had been placed in his charge for treatment at the hot springs. Both mounted and rode away in the midst of a shower of arrows. They reached the camp of Warner's cowboys unscathed. Here the Colonel raised a few men and returned to his ranch, where the Cohuillas were pillaging his \$6,000 stock of general merchandise. The Indians at once took the offensive and the escort fled, followed by Colonel Warner, who felt unable to meet a tribe single-handed, little as he cared for ordinary odds. Going to San Diego he returned with a volunteer force, under Major Fitzgerald, and resumed, with his family, the possession of his home. Martial law was enforced while the troubles continued.

Philip Crosthwaite states that when J. J. Warner came into San Diego and reported the raiding of his rancho a volunteer company was organized to go and fight the Indians. Major Fitzgerald was in general command, and the corps was called the Fitzgerald Volunteers. Cave J. Couts was Captain; Agostin Harazthy,

First Lieutenant; Robert D. Israel, First Sergeant; Philip Crosthwaite, Second Sergeant. Don Jose Anto. Estudillo of the Cajon ranch and several others lent horses and mules. Don Joaquin Ortega of the Santa Maria said that he would lend a number of horses if any person would go for them to Santa Maria. A call was made for volunteers for this service, as it was considered a dangerous undertaking. It was not known but that the Indians had taken Santa Ysabel and Santa Maria. Philip Crosthwaite went with Albert B. Smith, Enos A. Wall, John C. Stewart, and Dr. Ogden to the Santa Maria rancho, delivered Don Joaquin's order to his mayordomo, received the horses and returned with them safely to San Diego, without meeting any hostile Indians on the route.

When the news of the Indian rising was known in San Diego, there were no regular soldiers nearer than Fort Yuma, and it was feared that the Cocopahs and other tribes would join with the Cohuillas, and raid all the ranchos. Aid was asked from the Governor, who ordered a company of volunteers to be organized at San Francisco and sent to San Diego's relief, but before they sailed the Governor was notified that all was quiet and that their services would not be required. However, a steamer had been chartered and the men were all on board when the Governor's order recalling them arrived. The officers said they would go to San Diego and perhaps find something to

do there. When they arrived they were hospitably received by the Fitzgerald Volunteers. A short time after this they went into camp in the Mission Valley, and it was reported that they were collecting horses to go on some unknown expedition. Various Mexicans came in and said that they were made to dismount and told that their horses and saddles were required by the government. There was a dance given in San Diego on New Year's eve, the last day of 1851. The Fitzgerald Volunteers had not yet been disbanded, and there were several of them out to the ball. About midnight Captain Couts came and told Crosthwaite that some of the San Francisco volunteers were in town, and it was thought for the purpose of stealing horses. Couts ordered him to take a few men of his company and arrest any of the thieves that he could find. While on that duty Crosthwaite caught a man leading a mule out of Don Juan Bandini's yard. The fellow was seized at once, when he fell upon his knees begging for his life, and stated that if his captors would not hang him he would confess everything. He was taken to the small brick house then used as a court house, and on arriving there he said there was a plan formed by the officers of his company to get all the horses they could and go down into Lower California on a filibustering expedition; that there was a man named Isaac Van Ness, who was acquainted in Lower California who would go with them as their guide;



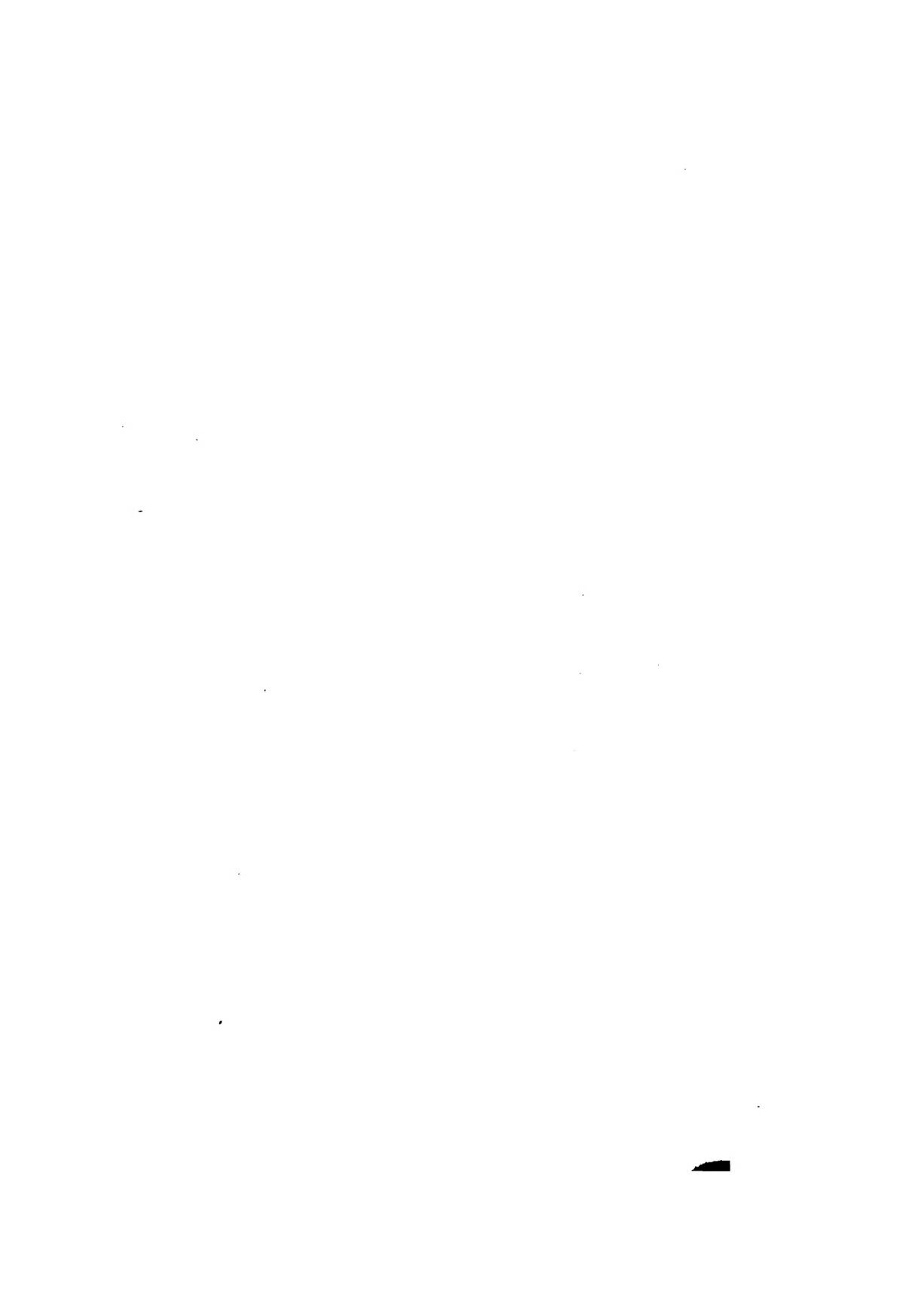
SURF SCENE, LA JOLLA

also that Van Ness knew that the Padre Tomas Mansillas, at Santa Tomas, had a large amount of money which they could get. The prisoner also said that the greater part of his company was composed of Hounds, a name given to desperadoes in San Francisco, and that they had come down to San Diego to escape the Vigilance Committee. His reason for making this confession was that he thought that there was a vigilance committee in San Diego, and that the men who arrested him were members of that body. The prisoner was then confined in a room and one man was detailed to guard him, while the others patroled the town looking for more of the horse thieves. When they got to the old presidio, at the edge of the river, it being a bright moonlight night, they saw a man on horseback crossing the stream and coming towards them; also a man on foot wading behind the horseman. The patrol hid themselves at the edge of the ruins and when the rider got across, Crosthwaite, seeing him with a cloak and hood, thought he was a Mexican, and said, "Buenos noches." The man replied, "You do not recognize me, Mr. Crosthwaite; I am Isaac Van Ness." Then the man who was wading turned and started back. Crosthwaite said to Van Ness, "Let me have your horse." Hearing this the other man commenced to run, when Crosthwaite followed him on horseback and ordered him to stand or be shot. When the fellow heard the click of a revolver he stopped

and said, upon being questioned, that he was Sergeant Thomas of the San Francisco Volunteers. While taking him to the court house to be confined with the other prisoner the party were met in the street by his Captain and his First Lieutenant. The Captain said, "Hello, Thomas, where are you going?" He answered, "I do not know; they are taking me somewhere." The Captain then inquired who was in command of the party that made the arrest and the reason for the act. Crosthwaite told him that he was a Sergeant of the Fitzgerald Volunteers; that he was ordered by Captain Couts to arrest any Hounds whom he should find about town; that they were accused of stealing horses and taking other property by force from the citizens of San Diego. The Captain then said, "I am their Captain, and if they have done wrong I am the one to examine and punish them, if they are guilty, and not Captain Couts. You will turn the men over to me." Crosthwaite said that he could not do so without an order from Captain Couts. The reply was: "I suppose you are right. Soldiers must obey orders. I will go and see your Captain." The prisoners were confined in the court-house and were guarded the remainder of the night by the party that made the arrest. When day broke the Captain came and again demanded that the men should be delivered to him. He said that he could not find Captain Couts, whereupon the same answer was returned

to him as before. He then said: "I will take them and your d——d town too." Upon that he ordered a man of his company to go to their camp in the Mission Valley and bring the entire command. Just then a man told Crosthwaite that Lieutenant Thomas Sweeny had arrived during the night with a company of United States Infantry and had gone to the Playa. Crosthwaite borrowed a horse from a Mexican, who was riding past, and galloped to the Playa, where he stated the situation to Lieutenant Sweeny, who, upon hearing it, ordered out the entire company and marched them on a trot to San Diego. When they arrived at the edge of the town the Lieutenant left them in an old adobe house and came in alone to the Plaza. By that time Judge J. W. Robinson was making arrangements for the examination of the prisoners before a court martial, he acting as Judge Advocate, and was considering with Crosthwaite, while walking up and down the Plaza, the time and place where the court should be held. At this moment Lieutenant Watkins approached Crosthwaite and asked him if he had not stated, the night before, that the arrest of his men had been ordered by Captain Couts? Crosthwaite answered, "Yes." It seems that the Captain of the San Francisco Volunteers had been to Couts, and that the latter, to gain time, had evaded responsibility for the captures. When Crosthwaite replied as he did to Watkins, the latter

called him a liar and aimed a blow at his head, which Crosthwaite dodged. Then Watkins pressed the muzzle of a pistol against his breast and pulled the trigger, but the cap failed to explode. Crosthwaite carried a revolver under his coat and, whipping it out, shot Watkins in the thigh, the ball going through and perforating the bone. Upon this the Captain of the San Francisco corps and others of the organization began firing on Crosthwaite from different points on the Plaza. One of the balls struck him in the pelvis, but he stood firm and tried to fire in return, but his pistol had become useless. Dr. Ogden then ran up and, taking Crosthwaite in his arms, carried him into a Plaza store. There was a quick rush for the building, the purpose of the San Francisco men being to kill Crosthwaite, but Lieutenant Sweeny, commanding the newly arrived troops, got between them and the window they were making for, drawing his sword and threatening if another shot was fired, not to leave one of them alive. All this time his troops kept out of sight in the adobe building. The crowd still pressed towards the window, revolvers in hand, when Sweeny gave a preconcerted signal and his command rushed in, forming on the Plaza. This was all that was necessary to produce quiet. Crosthwaite recovered in three or four weeks, and was present when the leg of the man he shot (Lieutenant Watkins) was amputated.









The San Francisco Volunteers returned home on a chartered vessel.

In searching for the cause of the Indian raid on Warner's ranch, Bill Marshall and Juan Verduga were found to have been implicated. They were arrested and tried by a court martial at Old Town and sentenced to death. A gallows was raised near the Catholic cemetery and the two criminals were duly hanged, Marshall protesting his innocence and Verdugo confessing his guilt. It is said that both of the poor wretches were three-quarters of an hour in dying.

Later in the year four of the Indians who took part in the uprising were captured and tried by courtmartial, the sentence that they be compelled to kneel at their own graves and receive a volley from a file of soldiers being duly executed.

One more act of retribution was yet to be performed. Antonio Garra, chief of the murderous Cohuillas, was executed January 11th, 1852. He met his death with stoical firmness. Standing by his open grave, into which he was soon to fall riddled by the bullets of the soldiery, he turned to the Americans and said, in a loud, clear voice: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all my offenses and give mine in return." Then kissing the crucifix and suffering his eyes to be bandaged, he met his fate like a brave man.

CHAPTER XII.

MURDER OF COLONEL CRAIG.

IN the summer of 1852 occurred the murder of Lieutenant-Colonel Craig of the First Dragoons—the same officer whose grave is one of the places of interest in the little army cemetery on the ridges of Point Loma. At that time the San Diego troops had crossed the desert and built Fort Yuma as a place of refuge for immigrants and plainsmen. A road had been laid out between the two places, passing through Soledad, Penasquitas, San Bernardino, San Pasqual, Santa Maria, La Ballena, Santa Ysabel, San Jose or Warner's ranch to San Felipe. Over this highway all the Yuma stores were drawn. In 1852 Bartlett, a United States Commissioner, left San Diego by that route, under Colonel Craig's escort, to settle a boundary dispute with Mexico at Mesilla, in the valley of the Rio Grande. At the same time Captain George A. Johnson, then in important government service, was at Yuma and he relates how, when the officers and men were out of their quarters on the parade ground enjoying the coolness of the declining day, the

Sergeant of the Guard appeared and reported to Lieutenant Sweeny that five men had deserted with their arms. Pursuit was in order, but it was exceedingly dark and the bottoms were covered with brush and weeds. Captain Johnson suggested that a Quartermaster's whaleboat be manned and that the expedition should drop down to Pilot Knob where the road leaves the river, going towards the ocean. This was done, with the result that three of the fugitives, as they came out of the bushes to fill their canteens, were captured. The other two escaped and the whaleboat returned to Yuma. From there a party was sent, under command of Lieutenant Sweeny, who knew the desert well, to search for the runaways. They had a start of thirty-six hours, but they were on foot. Lieutenant Sweeny's command was mounted and would, under ordinary circumstances, have gained its object; but it was impossible to journey in the desert by daylight owing to the heat, and so during one of the night marches the deserters were passed. When Lieutenant Sweeny's troops reached the Cariso creek they met Commissioner Bartlett and the Craig escort and gave the news. Then Lieutenant Sweeny went on to Vallecitos to scour the country.

The next day Major Heintzelman dispatched a courier, named Slater, from Yuma to carry mail to San Diego. Slater had been gone but a few hours when he returned, his mule

foaming and himself in a state of abject fright. He had been surrounded by Indians and compelled to cut his way out. Nothing could induce him to return without an escort, but no troops could be spared for that purpose. Arrangements were then made with Captain Johnson to carry the mail, whereupon the original courier volunteered to go along with him. The two left after dark. Nothing occurred to them in passing through the bottoms, as desert Indians never attack at night. The first halt was made at Cook's wells, twenty-eight miles west of Yuma. There some coffee was prepared and the march was resumed in the direction of Alamo Mocho, where the advance of Commissioner Bartlett's party was met, under command of Lieutenant Whipple of the Engineers. Colonel Craig was far in the rear, having been delayed by his heavy wagon. Johnson and his party passed on and made camp, and while there a wounded man, mounted on a mule, rode rapidly up. He was bareheaded and his animal was bleeding. He reported that Colonel Craig had been killed. His story was that, as their wagon was crossing the bed of New River, Colonel Craig, a Sergeant and himself saw two men—the deserters—on one side of the trail, they having hid when the advance was passing and, not knowing that others were behind, had gone on unsuspectingly. At the meeting place the Colonel and the Sergeant dismounted, leaving Williams, the man who brought the news,



SAN DIEGO ROWING CLUB'S BOAT-HOUSE





HOTEL AND TEMPLE OF MUSIC, POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD



to hold the mules, and went out to halt the refugees. Colonel Craig, recognizing them as deserters, informed them that they were certain to be caught, and that if they would give themselves up their punishment would be lightened. As the United States at the time was at war with the Yuma Indians, the legitimate penalty of desertion was death. The Colonel argued, but the men were firm, and one of them drew a line in the sand, telling Craig that if he stepped across it he would be shot. This the Colonel did not heed, but to show the men that he meant to use no force he unbuckled his belt and handed sword and revolver to the Sergeant. Colonel Craig then stepped across the mark and was instantly shot dead, a charge of ball and buckshot passing through his heart. The other deserter then shot the Sergeant in the thigh and fired a pistol ball at Williams, wounding him and the mule he rode. Upon this Williams, who was not disabled, made his escape and brought the news to camp.

Bartlett declined to send a relief party, stating that his animals were in no condition for extra travel. Captain Johnson and Slater offered to go to the scene of the tragedy, but the Commissioners refused them an escort. Finally Bartlett relented and a party left under Lieutenant Whipple with a surgeon and an ambulance. Captain Johnson, than whom no man was more familiar with the desert, acted as guide, Williams' wound being such as to pre-

vent his return to the scene of the murder. The body of Colonel Craig was found where it fell. The Sergeant was still alive. He had crawled under the shade of a mesquite tree and was writhing in terrible pain.

Captain Johnson and his companion pursued their way, taking pains to avoid the deserters, whom they knew to be well armed and desperate. The route of the mail carriers lay upon that taken by the assassins, and when Cariso creek was reached fresh signs of them were found, the print of the government shoe being unmistakable. The mail carriers made a detour of the Cariso camping place, intending to make Palm Springs, nine miles further on. En route Lieutenant Sweeny's command was met returning from the Vallecitos. Upon learning that the deserters were near by he ran a picket line across the valley, but in the night the refugees made their way through, following Johnson's trail. At Vallecitos Johnson and Slater met Colonel McCall, the Inspector-General, on his way to Yuma with an escort of ten men. Colonel McCall also posted sentries across the route, but to no avail.

On the arrival of Captain Johnson and Mr. Slater at San Diego news of the deserters and their bloody work was at once given to Col. J. Bankhead Magruder, commanding the local post. That officer acted with his usual decision and promptness. He dispatched parties to Temecula and Santa Ysabel to search the neigh-

borhood, and in addition to the usual reward of \$35 per head given for deserters by the government, the officers of the San Diego post raised \$100 additional. The party that went to Temecula offered the rewards to Pablo, chief of the Indians there, and he soon found out that the assassins were approaching. He had a hut by the wayside and, secreting some of his men in the bushes near by, the old warrior waited for his prey. In a little while the deserters came along and asked the chief for something to eat; also inquired the way to Los Angeles. Pablo invited them into his tepee, where they offered him their muskets for sale. These Pablo did not want, but he pointed to their pistols, which they handed to him for examination. The muskets were put against the walls of the hut. Having the men at his mercy Pablo gave a signal, and in an instant more his bucks had seized and bound the deserters. That day they were taken to the mission where after being confined for two years, they were tried by court-martial and hanged.

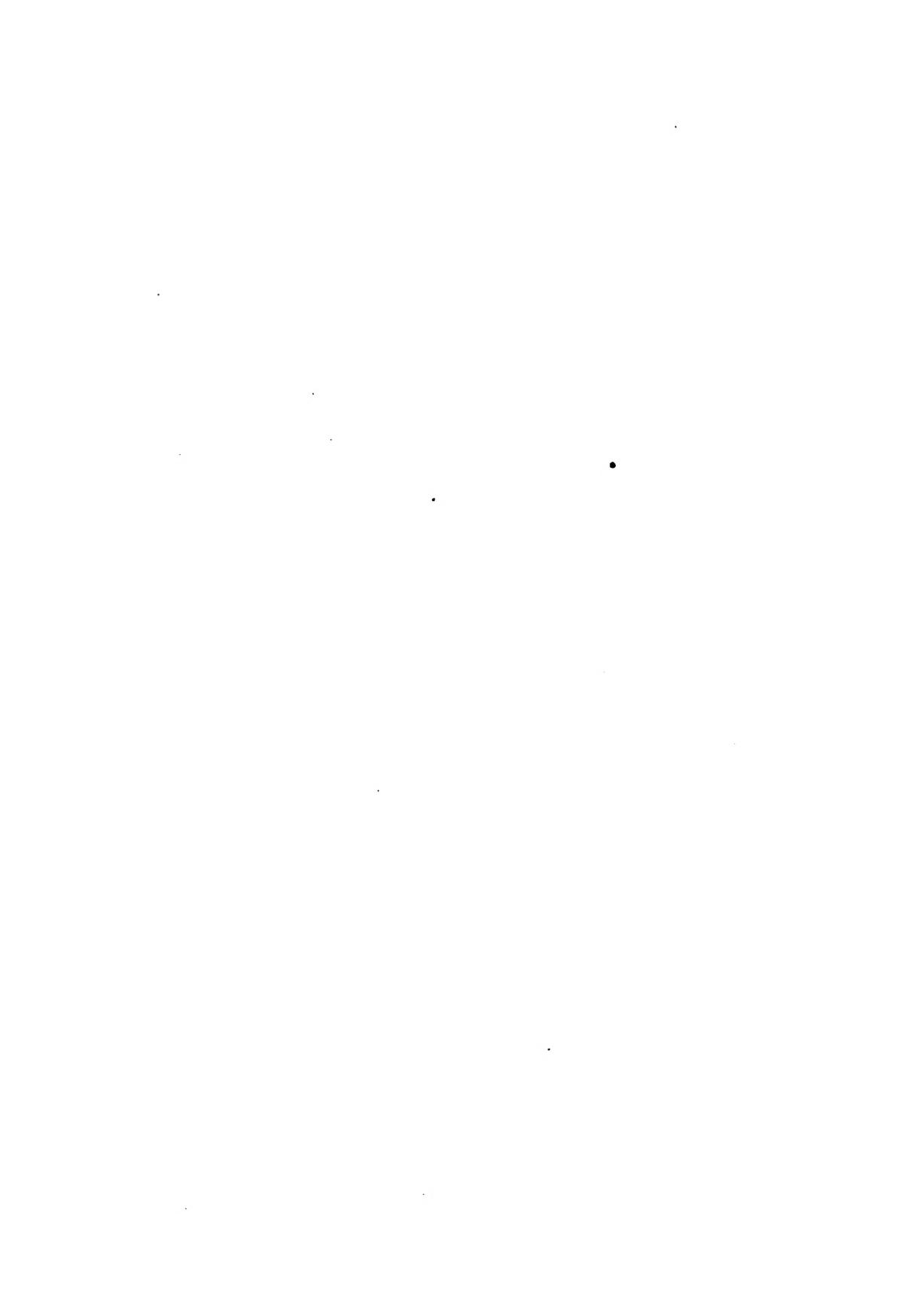
Colonel Craig's body was first buried at the Alamo Mocho, on the desert. Later it was taken to the San Pasqual cemetery at Old Town, and finally was laid away on Point Loma. As to the deserters, it is said that their remains were put in unmarked graves near the scaffold upon which they paid the penalty of their crime.

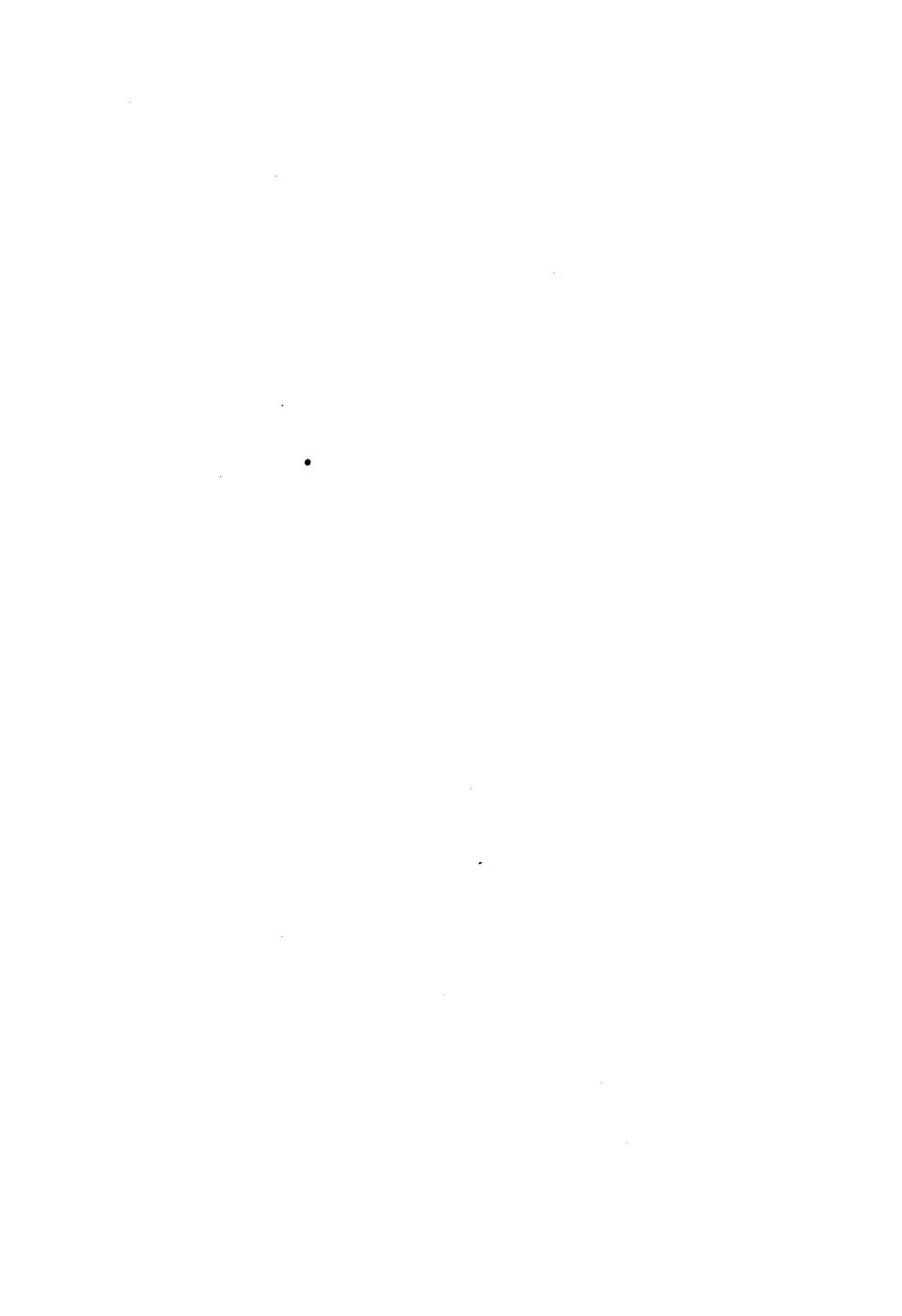
CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY JOURNALISM—JOHN PHOENIX.

THE San Diego Herald was first issued on the 29th of May, 1851, from an office in Old Town, by J. Judson Ames, an immigrant from Boston. In politics the paper was Independent, and later Democratic. In form it had four pages of four columns each, wide measure, but it was afterwards enlarged to a seven column folio. Most of the advertising came from San Francisco, but a column and a quarter of fine type was taken up by a list of "letters remaining" in the local post-office. In this roster 300 names appeared, indicating that steamer mail was left at San Diego to meet overland immigrants, and vice versa.

Mr. Ames had intended to issue the Herald during the previous December, but circumstances had been against him. He had arranged for printing material at San Francisco, but found, on application for it, that it had been sold to other parties. He took the first boat to New Orleans, where he bought a small office, and had returned with it as far as the Isthmus only to have the boat he was traveling







in on the Chagres river capsize, sending his material to the bottom. Enough of it was fished up to start a paper with and the rest was abandoned. Shortly after this Mr. Ames fell a victim to the Panama fever, and so lost the regular Pacific Mail steamer, the only boat that stopped at San Diego. This mischance compelled him to take an intermediate vessel, which carried him to San Francisco, after a delay at Acapulco, where the steamer repaired damages which were received during a storm in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. A day or two after Mr. Ames had unloaded his presses and type at San Francisco fire destroyed some of the material and caused further loss of time. Eventually the remnants of the original plant were landed at La Playa, and the San Diego Herald, a child of vicissitude, came to life. Its opening number announced independence, but not neutrality, and stated that its paramount purpose was to "unfold the resources of the sunny and luxuriant regions of the South."

Editorially the newspaper condemned the course of State Senator J. J. Warner, who had introduced a bill, which was finally successful, to repeal the city charter of San Diego. Locally the Herald announced that the officers of the United States Coast Survey were preparing ground on Point Loma for a light-house. Progress was also reported in the boring of an artesian well at La Playa, a hole 325 feet in

depth having been made, in which was 300 feet of water at the time.

The "Herald" began in its second number the work of booming the port, and took occasion to chide a Monterey writer who had the blindness to say that Monterey had a "noble harbor." "This is the first time," wrote the editor with fine scorn, "that we ever heard of an open bay being called a harbor. Monterey is, without doubt, the most picturesque town in all California, but the idea that it is a harbor is certainly laughable. There is but one harbor on the Pacific coast between San Francisco and Acapulco, in Mexico, and that is San Diego; and it is the only point in that whole extent of coast where a large commercial town can be built up."

The issue of June 19th contained the statement that a monument had just been placed on the boundary line; also there was something about the preparations of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, Lieutenant Couts and others to hold a Fourth of July celebration here.

Under date of May 1, 1852, the "Herald" noted the agitation for turning the channel of the San Diego river so that its waters would run into False bay, printing, among other things, the report of A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, from which we take this extract:

"That the river does bring sand into the bay is asserted by the Deputy Collector of this

place and others who have the means of knowing; and further, it is known that vessels at one time could anchor in False Bay, but the river flowing into it destroyed it by filling it with sand, and it then turned its course into San Diego Bay. If such be the facts, and I see no reason to doubt them, the only remedy for the evil is to turn the river into False Bay again."

The first railroad meeting ever held here occurred on the 9th of May, 1853, and it was described in detail by the "Herald." A report in favor of an overland line had been made at this gathering by J. Bankhead Magruder, Jas. W. Robinson, J. J. Warner, Cave J. Couts, William C. Ferrall, Charles H. Poole and O. S. Witherby; and an estimate of construction at a cost of \$30,000 per mile was agreed upon. Then the project lapsed.

On Saturday, August 6th, the Herald contained this paragraph, introducing the famous humorist, John Phœnix, to the people of San Diego for the first time:

Lt. Geo. H. Derby, U. S. Topographical Engineer, came down on the Northerner the last trip from San Francisco. We understand that the work of turning the river San Diego will be commenced on the 1st of September.

Lieutenant Derby was, at this time, about 30 years old, less rather than more, and shared with Artemus Ward the fame of being the greatest American humorist. He was, in his official relations as well as in his private life, a

madcap, and it is said that one of his pranks was the cause of his having been sent to this, the most out-of-the-way place at the time in the territory of the United States. As the story goes the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, had asked the army officers who had served in Mexico to present designs for a new service uniform. Derby had responded among the rest with a series of clever drawings, one of which presented a cavalryman with an orange stuck on his cap as a pompon. Derby explained in a footnote that the orange looked as well as the ordinary pompon and that, in case its wearer grew tired or thirsty, he could take it off and suck it. Another device was an iron hook on the seat of the trousers. This, the Lieutenant explained, would be useful in more ways than one. It could be put through a saddle ring, where no amount of hard riding could dislodge a horseman from his seat. In the infantry service the hooks might be used to carry camp kettles on a march; or the officer having the work of aligning a company could lay a long stick, supplied with rings, over the row of hooks, thus making the formation perfect. In battle the file closers could use a ringed pole to advantage in catching men who had started to run away or in restraining their ardor in case they should try to advance at an unpropitious time. Many other illustrations of Derby's idea went officially to Mr. Davis, who received them with ruffled dignity and laid them before the



GLIMPSE OF EL CAJON VALLEY, SHOWING LAKESIDE HOTEL, A CHARMING INLAND RESORT



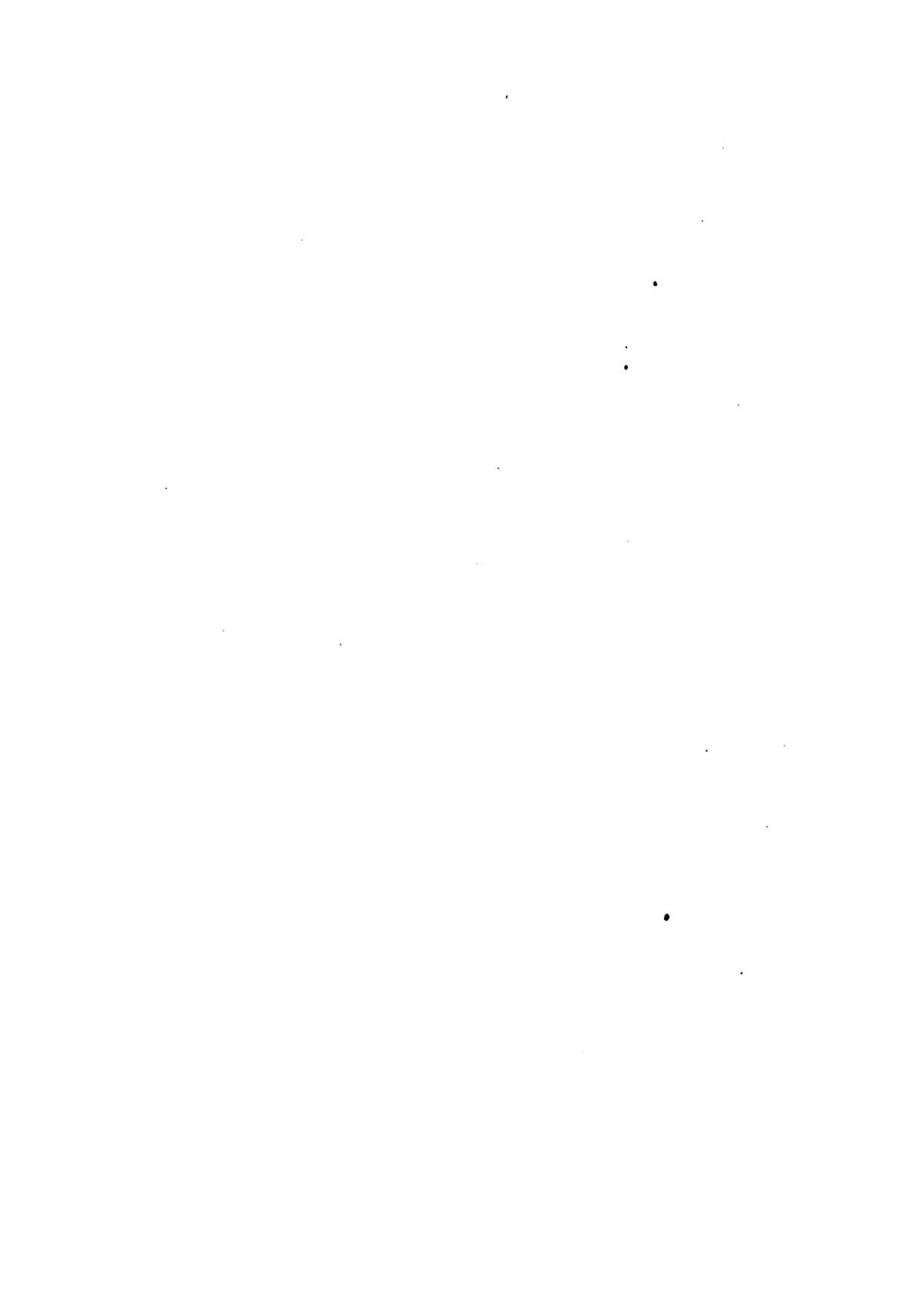
WHERE VINES AND PLANTS GROW AND BLOOM FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER



A COUNTRY HOME



A CITY HOME



Cabinet with the ultimatum that Derby must be courtmartialed. The Cabinet enjoyed the humor of the sketches, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, admonished Mr. Davis that if he had a rupture with Derby, the latter would make him ridiculous for all time. Sober second thought convinced the Secretary of War that the best course would be to send the irreverent young officer to a place which was not only distant from civilization but was popularly believed to be hot and sandy. Hence the order to take charge of engineering work here. There is an apocryphal story that Derby was first dispatched to the Tombigbee river, only coming here after he had informed Mr. Davis, in his reply to a question as to how far the river ran up, that he had consulted the maps, questioned the people, looked into the thing himself and reached the conclusion that the river did not run up at all; it ran down.

A truer story of this chronic joker is that while in Washington he saw the sign, "Ladies Depository," and made a futile effort to deposit his own wife there while he went around the corner to see a man.

The defect in Derby's wit and humor was its indelicacy, and for that reason a great deal of it would not make a good appearance in print. Most of his pictures partook also of this motive, although some of them were so slightly tinctured as to make their discussion practicable. Among these were his portraits of "The

Mischievous Boy," representing a nude little fellow who stood in his mother's ransacked room wondering what mischief he could do next. Seeing a screwdriver he picked it up with a pleased look, and in the next sketch was unscrewing an old-fashioned bedstead. Then he tried the bureau, and finally some door hinges—a feat which caused the door to fall on top of him. In the next drawing he had discovered his own navel and was unscrewing it also, with the result that a part of his anatomy fell to the ground behind him. He regarded the *disjecta membra* for a while with curious interest, but on seeing his mother approaching clapped it back, unfortunately wrong side to, and screwed the fastening tight. All this was in a series of drawings remarkable not more for their grotesque and rather broad humor than for their artistic finish and correctness.

It is said of Derby that he caused a fellow officer much discomfort by calling on the young San Diego belle, of whom the latter was enamored, and telling him afterwards that he had been to her house long enough to "find her out,"—accompanying his remarks with various shrugs and nods. The officer was angry and anxious at the same time and was but slightly appeased when he learned that "finding her out" was equivalent to finding her away from home.

When asked about his work on the river Derby stated that he had begun damming the

stream at a certain date and had been damning it mentally ever since. It is probable that he included San Diego in his anathema, as the place in that early day was far from agreeable to a man who had spent his life on the Eastern seaboard close to the great cities and their society. He called the town "Sandy Ague," and made its population appear, through the text of his letters and verses, to be chiefly inhabited by the flea, the horned toad and the rattlesnake.

It was this man, shortly after his arrival, whom Mr. Ames asked to occupy the editorial chair of the Herald during his absence in San Francisco. Derby, who wrote under the pen name of "John Phoenix," was a Whig, and as soon as Ames had departed he changed the politics of the paper and used its columns to bestow cheerful ridicule upon the party of which it was the accepted advocate. The sport was relished by the zestful jokers of San Diego, without much distinction as to politics, and it is related that only one Democrat besides the absent owner took offense. This one wrote a flaring ASS on the door of the editorial room, but was promptly warned, in the columns of the Herald, not to again put his name to other peoples property.

The rival State candidates for Governor of California in 1853 were John Bigler, (Democrat), and Wm. Waldo, (Whig), but Derby was wont to grow reckless in his praise of "Baldo and Wigler." This combination was hailed

with wild delight in San Diego, but in San Francisco it met a different reception. Judge Ames had gone there to get a subsidy from the Democratic State Committee, but when a marked copy of the "Baldo and Wigler" issue reached that body Ames was advised to return home and bring his organ over to the Democracy. He did so, and his interview with Derby, as told by the latter in the columns of the "Herald" after peace had been restored, has become classic in the comic literature of America.

"The Thomas Neunt had arrived," wrote the famous wit, "and a rumor had reached our ears that 'Boston' was on board. Public anxiety had been excited to the highest pitch to witness the result of the meeting between us. It had been stated publicly that 'Boston' would whip us the moment he arrived, but though we thought a conflict probable, we had never been very sanguine as to its terminating in this manner. Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the New Town road; we descried a cloud of dust in the distance, high above it waved a whip lash, and we said, 'Boston' cometh, and his driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.'

"Calmly we seated ourselves in the 'arm chair' and continued our labors upon our magnificent Pictorial. Anon a step, a heavy step, was heard upon the stairs, and 'Boston' stood before us.

"In shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower, * * * but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care sat on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride waiting revenge.

"We rose, and with an unfaltering voice said, 'Well, Judge, how do you do?' He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat.

"We removed ours; also our cravat.

* * * * *

* * * * *

"The sixth and last round is described by the pressman and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held 'Boston' down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose), and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and, with the 'sheep's foot' brandished above our head, shouted to him, 'Say Waldo.' "Never!" he gasped.

"'Oh! my Bigler,' he would have muttered,
"But that he dried up ere the word was uttered.

"At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion), the matter was finally settled on the most friendly terms, and 'without prejudice

to the honor of either party.' We write this while sitting without any clothing, except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a ruff of the Elizabethan era, that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings and the crown subsequently torn off, while the Judge is sopping his eye with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin and glancing with interest over the advertisements in the second page of the San Diego "Herald," a fair copy of which was struck off upon the back of his shirt at the time we held him over the press. Thus ends our description of this long-anticipated personal collision, of which the public can believe precisely as much as they please; if they disbelieve the whole of it we shall not be at all offended, but can simply quote as much to the point what might have been the commencement of our epitaph had we fallen in the conflict:

"HERE LIES PHœNIX."

Derby's pictorial column in the Herald made him locally famous. The pictures he used were advertising cuts found about the printing office and he fitted annotations to them to suit himself. Thus the effigy of a bull was described as a portrait of Prince Albert—a man "of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess." Several cuts of houses, all alike, such as were used in advertising places for rent, went by imposing

names in Derby's narrative, "Abbottsford" and the "Capitol at Washington" serving their turn as titles. "A fearful accident on the Princeton railroad" underlined an array of battered pictures showing a small locomotive, two immense coal cars, one of them topside down, and a set of false teeth, all in a row. Two ballet dancers, pirouetting in the briefest garments, stood for an interview between Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Duchess of Sutherland. The steamer Goliah, which ran between San Diego and San Francisco, was represented by a turtle. Two oyster shells in line with the figure of a raised arm and hammer were put in with the following note of explanation. "Shell of an oyster once eaten by General Washington, showing the General's manner of opening oysters."

Among the characteristic news paragraphs in the paper was this one:

"We carelessly threw a bucket of water from our office door the other day, the most of which fell upon an astonished Spaniard sitting upon his horse before the Colorado House. He made the brief remark, "Carajo," meaning that we were courageous, and on observing his stalwart form and the ferocity of his expression and moustache, we thought we were."

The Herald lived but a few years, suspending in 1858. As for Lieutenant Derby, he went East after finishing his river work, and published there his "Phœnixiana," a book which included many of his writings for the San

Diego paper, and which met a ready sale. At the end of fourteen years' service in the army he was made a Captain, and then he resigned his commission, dying, not long after, of softening of the brain. His widow still survives, being, at recent accounts, a resident of Fortress Monroe.

In December, 1853, the people of San Diego were startled by the news that Filibuster Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," had established a republic in Lower California. The Herald of December 3d announced this achievement and contained a proclamation signed Wm. Walker, President of Lower California, and Frederic Emery, Secretary of State; also an address of "the President" to the people of the United States. Walker had taken La Paz and proclaimed the independence of the whole Peninsula. He had also issued two decrees, one abolishing all duties and the other putting the code of Louisiana into effect. His government had organized as follows: Wm. Walker, President; Frederic Emery, Secretary of State; John M. Jernagin, Secretary of War; Howard H. Snow, Secretary of Navy; Chas. Gilman, Captain Battalion; John McKibben, First Lieutenant; Timothy Crocker, Second Lieutenant; Samuel Buland, Third Lieutenant; Wm. P. Mann, Captain of Navy; A. Williams, First Lieutenant of Navy; Sohn Grundall, Second Lieutenant of Navy.



MAIN EXHIBIT ROOM, SAN DIEGO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE





POINT OF ROCKS—JUST BELOW THE MEXICAN BOUNDARY LINE

Some changes were made in the list a week later, Gen. H. P. Watkins being elected Vice-President and Major Oliver T. Beard Collector of Customs.

The Herald gave reports in each issue touching the siege of Ensenada, the fight at La Grulla, and the paper confiscation of Sonora, all of which is foreign to the purpose of a San Diego sketch, and finally recorded the return of the expedition to Tia Juana and its cordial reception. Considered as a piece of newspaper work under difficulties, the Herald's account of the campaign was highly creditable to it.

Two notable events in or near 1853 were the murder of the hide-buyer at La Playa and the hurricane that wrecked the coast steamer "Golden Gate" on Zuninga shoal. This hide-buyer, the agent of a Boston house, kept a large amount of gold in a secret cache on North Island and was wont, after making a bargain for the purchase of hides, to draw upon his deposit at night, crossing the channel in a boat, and paying the money out the next day. One morning after a trip of this kind, at which the man is presumed to have taken out several thousand dollars, he was found on a heap of hides with his throat cut and his money gone. The murderers and thieves were never caught and all searches for the North Island cache were fruitless.

The wreck of the "Golden Gate" occurred during a cyclone such as had not been known on this coast since 1727, when one devastated Lower California, crushing the Missions and whirling Indians away into space. The wind had such velocity and power that the sea, when the "Golden Gate," with one wheel disabled, approached the harbor's mouth, was running "mountains high." Despite good handling the steamer struck Zuninga shoal and was instantly overrun with the combers. For an entire night the vessel, which was new and of staunch hull, pounded on the sand, springing several leaks and making two or three feet of water. There were 1000 passengers on board, among them Rt. Rev. Wm. I. Kip, then on his way to the new mission bishopric of California, to which the Episcopal House of Bishops had consecrated him. It was two days before the sea went down and the ship's company could be taken off; and from one to two weeks before other vessels arrived in port and carried the passengers to San Francisco. During the detention here there was much suffering from lack of places in which to sleep and of supplies for the commissariat. Bishop Kip and a few others were hospitably cared for by Don Juan Bandini. The "Golden Gate" was eventually rescued and put into service again on the Panama route.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSE OF THE OLD ERA.

SOMETHING has been recorded in the preceding chapters of San Diego as it was after 1855 and before the final boom, and there is not much to add. Life was at best dull in a business sense; though the old Spanish families and the officers from the barracks enlivened it in a social way. Occasionally there were rumors of a railroad; frequently some excitement was caused by reports of gold in Southern California or on the Peninsula; and there were bright things said and odd things done. In turning over the musty records we find an account of a duel at the border monument where one combative San Diegan sat down on a nest of cacti to load his pistol and thenceforth retired from active duty; how the Postmaster was allowed a clerk at \$75 per month and forthwith hired his own dog and kept drawing salary for it until the Inspector came; how the County Judge used to adjourn court every half hour to take a drink; and how a leading lawyer was wont to ride his horse into the bar rooms. A hundred stories might be told of San Diego in

that day all of them redolent of the frontier and suffused with the flavor of unconventionality. But development went on withal. The first overland mail from San Diego to San Antonio left on August 7, 1857, and the first arrival from the East was on August 31st. When the pioneer stage rolled in, San Diego went delirious with joy, convinced that a great city would soon grow about the bay. The passage to the Texas town of San Antonio consumed thirty-four days and covered 1,450 miles. It is interesting to know that, among the regulations of the stage line, was that every passenger should provide himself with a Sharp's rifle, 100 cartridges, Colt's revolver, belt and holster, knife and sheath, a pair of thick boots and woolen pants, a quantity of under-clothing, a soldier's over-coat, one pair of blankets, India rubber blanket, bag with needles and thread, sponge, brush, comb, soap and towels.

In course of time, says L. H. Gaskill, "the Military telegraph line was constructed from San Diego to Fort Yuma. It was put upon American soil, which, at that time, was a difficult matter, owing to the wagon road, being for a good portion of the way in Mexico. The poles and wires were hauled on wagons and deposited along the wagon road, and then had to be transported on the backs of mules and men to the line. The line was erected by the Military Department, soldiers doing the work of putting up the line. But the work of hauling



PLEASURE CRAFT ON SAN DIEGO BAY

the poles and wire was performed by contract by civilians.

"After leaving the wagon road at Indian Wells the line was erected for sixty miles through a desert country of sand hills, and no water. The sand is of a whitish color, very fine, and would drift before the wind like snow. Through this country it was next to impossible to travel with wagons. At times the sand would drift before the wind, blinding the eyes of both man and beast, rendering it impossible to travel or labor. These wind storms would last from twelve to thirty-six hours. All vestiges of road or trail would be obliterated, and the workmen would have to lay by until the storm abated. Sometimes the sand would drift and pile to a height of 100 feet. The line had to be put up through these hills and it would be often the case that the poles were placed on what were thought to be secure foundation, but which, after one of these storms, would be found lying on the ground, the wind having completely swept away the entire sand hill. At other places the storm would bury the line and poles completely in the sand. This sand is of such a dry nature that it was found that it did not impede the passage of electricity, although the line was buried many feet deep in sand."

There was some commerce meanwhile and one ship was dispatched with a cargo of Cajon wheat.

In 1859 Richard Henry Dana revisited the bay on one of the Pacific Mail steamers, and left an interesting description of it, which is quoted:

"As we made the high point off San Diego, Point Loma, we were greeted by the cheering presence of a light-house. As we swept round it in the early morning, there, before us, lay the little harbor of San Diego, its low spit of sand, where the waters run so deep; the opposite flats where the Alert grounded in starting for home; the low hills without trees, and almost without brush; the quiet little beach;—but the chief objects, the hide-houses, my eye looked for in vain. They were gone, all, and left no mark behind.

I wished to be alone, so I let the other passengers go up to the town, and was quietly pulled ashore in a boat, and left to myself. The recollections and the emotions all were sad, and only sad.

Fugit, interea fugit irreparable tempus.

The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellent. I saw the big ships lying in the stream, the Alert, the California, the Rosa, with her Italians; then the handsome Ayacucho, my favorite; the poor dear old Pilgrim, the home of hardship and helplessness; the boats passing to and fro; the cries of the sailors at the capstan or falls; the peopled beach; the large hide-houses with their

gangs of men; and the Kanakas interspersed everywhere. All, all were gone! not a vestige to mark where our hide-house stood. The oven, too, was gone. I searched for its site, and found, where I thought it should be, a few broken bricks and bits of mortar. I alone was left of all, and how strangely was I here! What changes to me! Where were they all? Why should I care for them,—poor Kanakas and sailors, the refuse of civilization, the outlaws and beach-combers of the Pacific! Time and death seemed to transfigure them. Doubtless nearly all were dead; but how had they died, and where? In hospitals, in fever-climes, in dens of vice, or falling from the mast, or dropping exhausted from the wreck,—

“When for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.”

“The light-hearted boys are now hardened middle-aged men, if the seas, rocks, fevers, and the deadlier enemies that beset a sailor’s life on shore had spared them; and the then strong men have bowed themselves, and the earth or sea has covered them.

“Even the animals are gone—the colony of dogs, the broods of poultry, the useful horses; but the coyotes bark still in the woods, for they belong not to men and are not touched by his changes.

“I walked slowly up the hill, finding my way among the few bushes, for the path was

long grown over, and sat down where we used to rest in carrying our burdens of wood and to look out for vessels that might, though so seldom, be coming down from the windward.

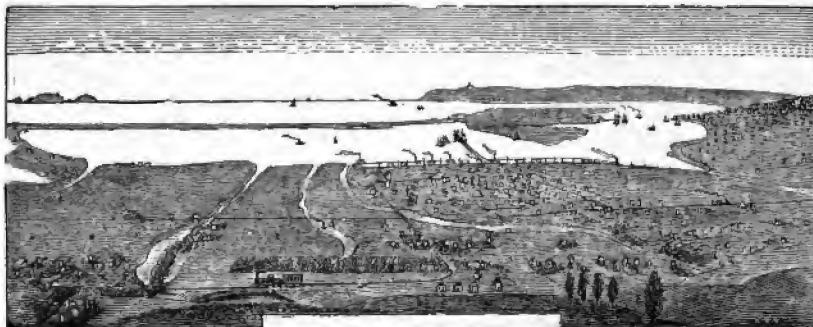
"To rally myself by calling to mind my own better fortune and nobler lot, and cherished surroundings at home, was impossible. Borne down by depression, the day being yet noon, and the sun over the old point—it is four miles to the town, the Presidio; I have walked it often, and can do it once more—I passed the familiar objects, and it seemed to me that I remembered them better than those of any other place I had ever been in—the opening of the little cave; the low hills where we cut wood and killed rattlesnakes, and where our dogs chased the coyotes; and the black ground where so many of the ship's crew and beach-combers used to bring up on their return at the end of a liberty day and spend the night sub Jove.

"The little town of San Diego has undergone no change whatever that I can see. It certainly has not grown. It is still, like Santa Barbara, a Mexican town. The four principal houses of the gente de razon—of the Bandinis, Estudillos, Arguellos and Picos—are the chief houses now, but all the gentlemen—and their families, too, I believe—are gone. The big, vulgar shop-keeper and trader, Fitch, is long since dead; Tom Wrightington, who kept the rival pulperia, fell from his horse when drunk and was found nearly eaten up by coyotes; and

I can scarce find a person whom I remember. I went into a familiar one-story adobe house, with its piazza and earthen floor, inhabited by a respectable lower-class family by the name of Muchado, and inquired if any of the family remained, when a bright-eyed middle-aged woman recognized me, for she had heard I was on board the steamer, and told me she had married a shipmate of mine, Jack Stewart, who went out as second mate the next voyage, but left the ship and married and settled here. She said he wished very much to see me. In a few minutes he came in, and his sincere pleasure in meeting me was extremely grateful. We talked over old times as long as I could afford to. I was glad to hear that he was sober and doing well. Dona Tomasa Pico I found and talked with. She was the only person of the old upper-class that remained on the spot, if I rightly recollect. I found an American family here, with whom I dined—Doyle and his wife, nice young people, Doyle agent for the great line of coaches to run to the frontier of the old States.

“I must complete my acts of pious remembrance, so I take a horse and make a run out to the old mission, where Ben Stimson and I went the first liberty day we had after we left Boston. The buildings are unused and ruinous, and the large gardens show now only wild cactuses, willows and a few olive trees. A fast run brings me back in time to take leave of the few I knew and who knew me, and to reach the steamer be-

fore she sails. A last look—yea, last for life—to the beach, the hills, the low point, the distant town, as we round Point Loma and the first beams of the light-house strike out towards the setting sun."



BAY OF SAN DIEGO.

CHAPTER XV.

MODERN SAN DIEGO.

Up to the year 1868 San Diego loitered by day and was festal at night, after the Spanish habit into which it had been born nearly one hundred years before. Old Town had not grown much in population since 1845, although it had gained in the number of its trading places, while as for New Town, but little remained of it after the foundation year—beyond the military barracks, the frame of which had been brought from Maine—and two or three small dwellings and store-buildings. Socially, the residents of the old pueblo had their frequent dances and their occasional bull-fights; and in a perfunctory way they maintained a local government. Early in 1867 their rural serenity was disturbed by the arrival of a brisk and ruddy man,—a stranger from San Francisco—who asked the County Clerk to call an election. The new-comer was Alonzo E. Horton, whose name was yet to stand for one of the three eras of San Diego progress with those of Junipero Serra and Elisha S. Babcock, Jr. Mr. Horton, who believed that

such a harbor as San Diego's would yet have a great city on its shores, wanted to buy a tract of pueblo land near New Town and it was necessary for the township to vote the property into the market at an election to be regularly

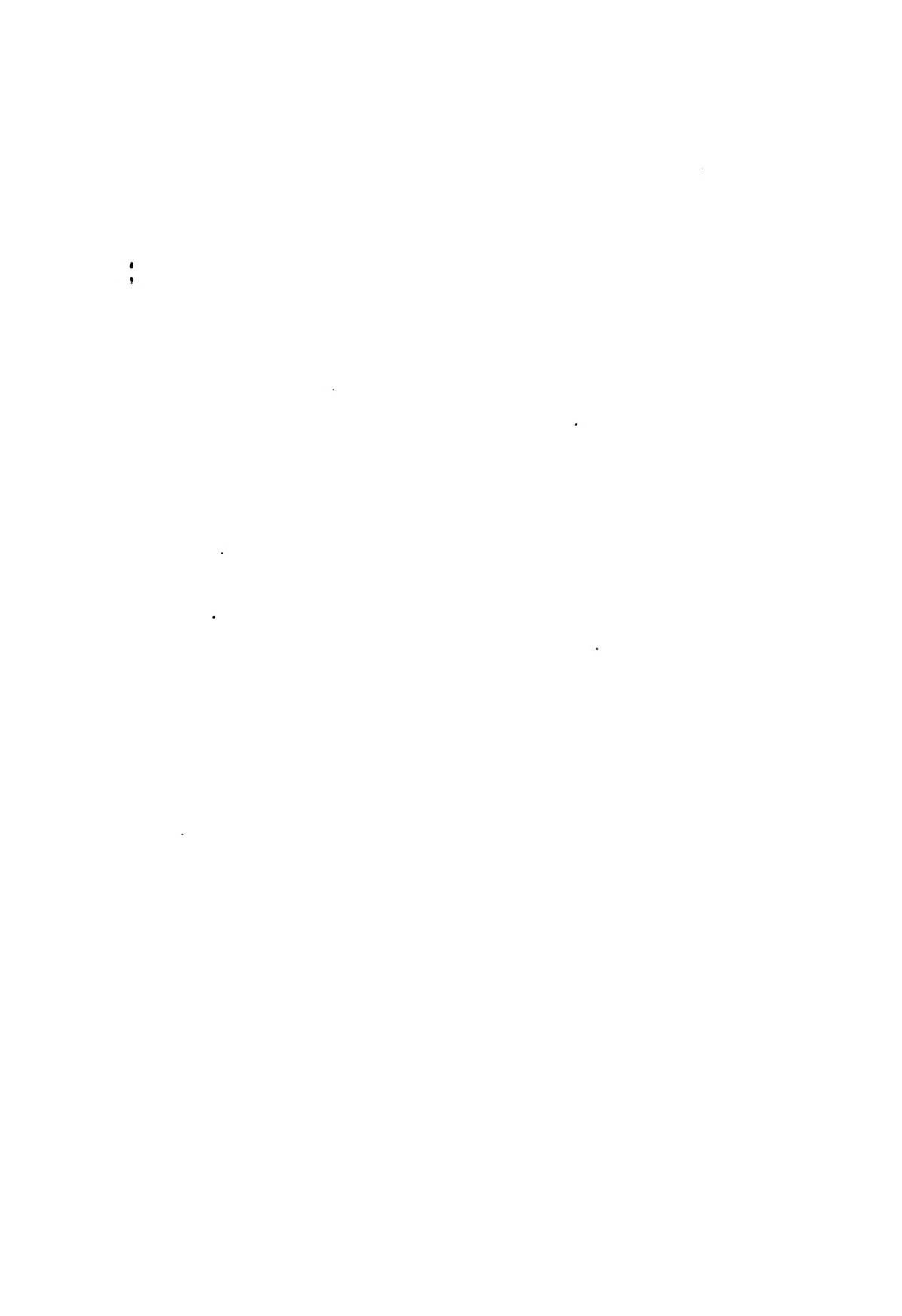


A. E. HORTON.

called. The clerk refused to concern himself with Mr. Horton's wishes and plans until the latter had met in advance the cost of summoning the voters together. Mr. Horton agreed



SAN DIEGO WITH CORONADO IN THE DISTANCE.



promptly to these terms and the election notice was posted. At the auction the new-comer bought between 800 and 900 acres, situated midway between Old Town and the National rancho, paying 26 cents per acre for the tract. He then began to lay out a town. With business foresight he gave a block for a court house and built a hotel, a shapely brick structure, which was placed amidst the sage brush. A wharf was also constructed at the foot of the principal street. These enterprises cost Mr. Horton an aggregate of \$165,000—a sum made necessary by the expense of building material, piles for the dock being scarce at \$13.50 each and lumber having a proportionate market value. A lot in new San Diego was given to any one who would improve it, and gradually a comely settlement—already called a “city”—grew up along streets in which the jack-rabbit scampered by day and the coyote prowled by night.

One of the drawbacks to the development and progress of San Diego was the excessive freight and passenger rate imposed by the steamers doing business between San Francisco and the southern bay. Mr. Horton at once offered the entire San Diego business to an independent steam vessel, the owners of which had agreed to cut down the tariff more than one-half. One of the incidents of this procedure is thus pleasantly related by Mr. L. A. Wright,

an accomplished newspaper historian, of Father Horton's times.

Joseph Nash, who started the first store in the town, and who then employed as clerks Chas. S. Hamilton and Geo. W. Marston and A. B. McKean readily consented to try the new steamer, but Mr. McDonald and Mr. Gale, his partner, who owned the third store, absolutely refused to patronize or assist it. Then occurred the first boycott in San Diego. Father Horton's indignation rose. The new steamer proposed to reduce freight from \$16 to \$6 per ton, and passenger fare from \$25 to \$15, and yet there was one firm in the town who would not show its gratitude to the new steamer in any form. "If you do not patronize the new steamer," said Mr. Horton to Mr. McDonald, "the boat will be taken off and the old prices re-enstated."

"You needn't try to frighten me," retorted McDonald, and he laughed in the face of the founder of the town.

"All right," responded Mr. Horton, "I built up your trade and I will tear it down if you will not help in public enterprises."

At that time Mr. Horton employed 150 men in the city and many of them had families and traded with McDonald. These 150 workmen were told they must cease dealing with McDonald for the reason already stated, and in case any man persisted in trading there his pay would be stopped. The other two stores had a rush and McDonald's place became almost as

lonesome and quiet as a village graveyard. Two weeks later McDonald went to Father Horton and wanted to give his freight to the new steamer line, in order to get back some of his lost trade. This was consented to and McDonald was thenceforward a public-spirited man.

San Diego mail continued to stop at Old Town and Mr. Horton applied himself to the work of getting a daily mail line for San Diego proper. There were many obstacles in the way but a timely present of \$4,800 worth of lots to a government official secured the concession and marked the beginning of the end of Old Town's supremacy in the affairs of the bay region. The post-office, of which Dr. Allyn had charge, was located in a one-story frame building on Fifth, below F street.

By 1870 Mr. Horton had secured, at a cost to his private purse of \$5,000, a place for San Diego on the Western Union's telegraphic circuit. One year later rumors of Tom Scott's Texas Pacific railway enterprise reached the bay and Mr. Horton hastened East to secure for San Diego the honors and advantages of the terminal Pacific coast point. His maps and plans, coupled with his enthusiasm, interested Col. Scott and the result was that a party of railroad men and public functionaries visited San Diego to look over the ground. While they were there a spirited railroad meeting was held at which Col. Scott, Louis Agassiz, the scientist, Senator John Sherman, ex-Gov.

Throckmorton and Col. John W. Forney made addresses. In a few weeks San Diego began, in the parlance of the real estate offices, to "boom." People gathered in the town from every state and territory and from foreign lands, drawn there by the assurance, which the railroad enterprise had given, that a great city would grow up on the shores of the bay and enrich those who should own the land as it rose in selling and buying value. Lots advanced from \$250 to \$500 and \$1,000 with plenty of takers. In the asset of payments down with contracts to pay more, "Father" Horton—they had begun to call him that with filial fondness—was soon able to count his wealth by the tens of thousands of dollars. San Diego, by 1871, had over 3,000 people and the principal business thoroughfare was lined with one and two-story structures for nine blocks. There was an abundant field for labor and working-men were able, from their high wages, to invest in land. In due time Col. Scott's road,—the Texas Pacific—began to be graded from the barracks along the bay, and the waterfront was enlivened with steamers bringing supplies. It is needless to say that the one hundredth anniversary of Father Serra's arrival found San Diego in a state of exhilaration and excitement—too much concerned in the prosaic details of business to take note of its centennial opportunities. The local paper observed with pardonable pride on the 1st of January, 1871.



GREAT SWEETWATER DAM

A HIDDEN
VALLEY





MARRIAGE PLACE OF RAMONA

"San Diego has made wonderful progress and is rapidly becoming an important section of California. The population of the county has increased from 1056 to 4100. Three years ago the site of San Diego was a brush patch, where the rabbit and the squirrel made their home and safe retreat. Now there are 600 buildings about the bay and we have busy streets and well-stocked stores. We have several buildings two stories high and as good a hotel as there is south of San Francisco."

Acting for Colonel Scott, Father Horton built the structure now used as the San Diego city hall, for Texas Pacific railroad offices. Before the building had been finished, however, word came from Washington that Congress had withdrawn its contemplated aid to the Texas Pacific and that the road would not be built. There was an instant stop in San Diego of every wheel of progress. Says Mr. Wright in his entertaining history:

"The population of San Diego had rapidly grown until it was quite a busy city, but Scott's failure stopped almost every enterprise and the population dwindled down to about 2500. Many poor people had purchased land of Mr. Horton, having made a payment of one-fourth or one-third down, the rest to be paid by installments. Of this class a great many were thrown out of employment and were compelled to leave town. They met Mr. Horton on the street every day and offered to let him keep the money al-

ready paid if he would only release their contracts so that they could get away. Every man who thus approached the founder of the town was twirled into Mr. Horton's office, his contract surrendered, and every cent paid upon the contract was returned, dollar for dollar. It is doubtful if, from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607 down to the present time there is an incident in American history of such wholesale magnanimity on the part of one man and he a dealer in real estate. Yet Father Horton was always liberal, and his gifts of money and lands, at present values, would reach the snug sum of \$1,000,000.

"From the Tom Scott failure to 1880 San Diego's growth was very stinted, but Father Horton never lost faith in the commercial value of the place. Up to that period, which is known as the boom of 1870-1, the history of San Diego was so interwoven and closely connected with the life of Mr. Horton that the story of one is inseperable from that of the other. As a parent leads a tottering child so had Mr. Horton led San Diego. He had nursed it and fed it with enterprise until it was large enough to walk alone, and while the history of the parent and the child may here part, Mr. Horton continued to lend a helping hand for many years. Mr. Horton now occupies one of the most charming homes in San Diego, situated at an elevation from which he can look down upon the prosperous city which he founded twenty-three years ago."

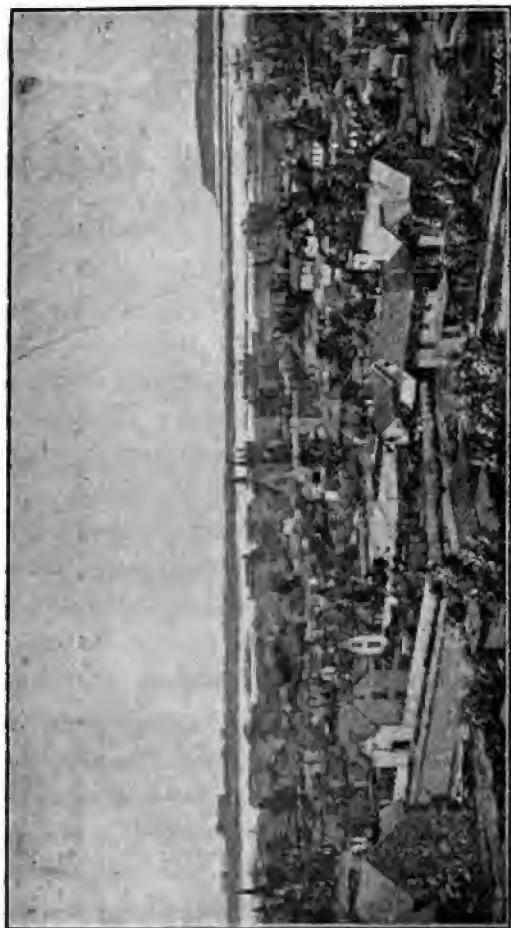
CHAPTER XVI.

THE RISE OF THE CITY.

IN 1875 about 1,500 people remained in San Diego out of a boomtide population of 5,000. The town had sunk into helplessness and apathy. Common wit said that its people lived on fish and climate, and would move away when they could get money enough. The buildings put up in Texas Pacific times had, for the most part, become empty and out of repair. Shipping rarely vexed the waters of the port, and agriculture, for want of irrigating systems, was confined to meagre processes. To make times harder and discouragement more common, there were two years of drouth, during which crops withered and herds perished. San Diego was in a state of coma; many believed it dead.

During this period Frank and Warren Kimball arrived in the bay country from Oakland. They bought the National Rancho, a Spanish grant of 22,000 acres, and laid out National City on the bayward limits. Then they began to work for a railroad connection with the upper counties of Southern California, which were soon to be united by rail with the

Eastern States. By donating some money and a subsidy in land so large that, afterwards, in a time of speculative excitement, the property



MODERN SAN DIEGO.

reached a selling value of \$6,000,000, the Messrs. Kimball and others secured the road, and San Diego began to feel confident again. There



TENT CITY, CORONADO BEACH—THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT OF THE PACIFIC COAST



A HOME-LAND SCENE—CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND, HOTEL DEL CORONADO

were undoubtedly symptoms of a boom. Every train brought enquiring capitalists and there was a firm and rising tone to the real estate market. But in one day of flood all of San Diego's bright hopes vanished. A cloudburst sent a roaring stream down the Temecula Canyon, and the long stretches of the new railroad were washed away. It was eighteen months before the line was again operated, an interim which, with its occasional prospect that repairs would not be made, was filled with forebodings and anxiety.

When it became certain that the cars would again run, public faith in San Diego "futures" was revived. Land, both inside and outside holdings, which had been waiting for a sale since 1872, found one among the brisk operators which every steamer brought to the bay. These men, however, had not gone to San Diego to stay, but simply to manipulate a rising market. With them came invalids, or health-seekers, who had been drawn thither by the fame of an emollient climate. Another class of visitors, the most welcome of all, cast in their lot with San Diego for better or worse and established themselves in homes and business.

One day in 1884, a man of slender physique and poor health stopped at the Horton House and registered from Indiana. He had traveled for years in search of relief and had hunted and fished in forests and streams all the way from Maine to Florida. In a stray news-

paper he had seen a notice that quail were so abundant and destructive about San Diego that farmers were paying 50 cents a dozen for having them killed on their fields. Finding out that the place was a healthful one, the invalid made up his mind to go there. No San Diegan knew of him when he came, he made no flourish of trumpets and he had but a casual welcome, yet his arrival on the bay was an event which came to rank, in historical significance, with the coming of Padre Serra in 1769, and of Father Horton in 1868. The name of the stranger was Elisha S. Babcock.

Besides the accoutrements of a sportsman, Mr. Babcock brought a business keenness which had been ground and burnished in the rivalries of railway competition; a capital gained in the then new field of telephone enterprise, and a genius for large undertakings to which the needs and demands of San Diego were hospitable and importunate. With returning vigor Mr. Babcock applied himself to questions of material development. Water works, local systems of transit, wharves, banks and graded streets were objects of his constructive and initiative energy. Finally, when the railroad resumed its traffic with the bay, he announced his purpose to build on the peninsula of Coronado, which divides San Diego harbor from the ocean, the largest hotel in the world, and to lay out about it a new city of graded streets, sewer and water system, electric lights, parks, shade

trees and comfortable homes. It was a breath-taking conception, for, at the time, Coronado was a desolate place and San Diego itself seemed to afford all the residence and hotel room that would be occupied for many years.

Mr. Babcock believed that he could sell one or two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Coronado lots, but there were few business men who shared his confidence. To his and their surprise the sales exceeded millions of dollars. At



THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO. NORTH-WESTERN VIEW.

once the great hotel, now one of the most renowned in the world, began to take architectural form. The fame of the undertaking went everywhere; people began to enquire what there was in the San Diego country to attract such great investments, and before any one was fully aware of the fact the boom of 1886 was mounting to its flood and men who have been "land poor" for ten and twenty years awoke to find themselves capitalists.

San Diego's growth was a phenomenon. The newly-built houses following the curves of the bay in their onward march of construction,

occupied four linear miles and spread a mile from shore, covering the lower levels and climbing the barren hills. The business district traversed three miles of streets, and the population, at the close of 1887, numbered 35,000. At one time 50,000 people, from every State and Territory of the Union and from many foreign lands, were in the bay country trying to get rich in a week.

Land advanced daily in selling price, and fortunes were made on margins. A \$5,000 sale was quickly followed by a \$10,000 transfer of the same property, and in three months a price of \$50,000 was reached. Excitement became a kind of lunacy, and business men persuaded themselves that San Diego would soon cover an area which, soberly measured, was seen to be larger than that of London. Business property that had been selling by the lot at \$500, passed through the market at from \$1,000 to \$2,500 per front foot. Small corners, on the rim of the commercial center, sold for \$40,000, and for the choicest holdings the price was prohibitive. Rents correspondingly swelled. An Italian fruit-vender, who used a few feet of space on the walk beside a corner store, paid \$150 per month for the privilege. The store itself, 25 by 50 in size, rented for \$400 per month. A small cottage, shabbily built, with "cloth and paper" partitions, was competed for in the market at \$60 per month. So general was the demand for homes and business quarters that the appear-

ance of a load of lumber on vacant ground drew a knot of people who wanted to lease the structure in advance. Then the lessees camped out near by, waiting a chance to move in.

Labor shared the common prosperity. A dirt-shoveler got from \$2 to \$3 per day, according to the demand. The per diem of carpenters and brick-layers was \$5 and \$6. Compositors on the morning press earned from \$50 to \$60 per week. A barber asked 25 cents for a shave and 40 cents for a bath. Liverymen demanded \$2.50 per hour for the use of a horse and buggy. The time of real estate agents was measured by dollars instead of minutes. In the common phrase of the Rialto, "Everything went," and he who had aught to sell, whether of labor, commodity, skill or time, could dispose of it for cash at thrice its value.

Naturally a population drawn together from the adventurous classes of the world, imbued as it was with excitement and far from conventional trammels, contained and developed a store of profligacy and vice, much of which found its way into official, business and social life. Gambling was open and flagrant; games of chance were carried on at the curb-stones; painted women paraded the town in carriages and sent out engraved cards summoning men to their receptions and "high teas;" the desecration of Sunday was complete, with all drinking and gambling houses open, and with picnics, excursions, fiestas and bull-fights, the lat-

ter at the Mexican line, to attract men, women and boys from religious influence. Theft, murder, incendiarism, carousals, fights, highway robbery and licentiousness gave to the passing show in boomtide San Diego many of the characteristics of the frontier camp. Society retired to cover before the invasion of questionable people, and what came to be known as "society" in the newspapers, was, with honorable exceptions here and there, a spectacle of vulgar display and the arrogant parade of reputations which, in Eastern States, had secured for their owners the opportunity and the need of "going West."

Speculation in city lots, which soon went beyond the scope of moderate resources in money and skill, found avenues to the country; and for twenty miles about the town the mesas and valleys were checkered with this or that man's "Addition to San Diego." Numberless new townsites were nearly inaccessible; one was at the bottom of a river; two extended into the bay. Some of the best had graded streets and young trees. All were sustained in the market by the promise of future hotels, sanitariums, opera houses, soldiers' homes, or motor lines to be built at specified dates. Few people visited these Additions to see what they were asked to invest in, but under the stimulus of band music and a free lunch, they bought from the auctioneer's map and made large payments down. In this way at least a quarter of a mil-

lion dollars were thrown away upon alkali wastes, cobble-stone tracts, sand overflowed lands, and cactus, the poorest land being usually put on the townsite market.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE RISE OF THE CITY—CONTINUED.

IN the meantime much was done to improve San Diego as a permanent place of business and residence. Streets were graded and a sewer system costing \$400,000 was put in. Water mains communicating with the river, but with the ultimate purpose of connecting with a flume which was building to San Diego from a Sierran lake 60 miles away, ran through all the principal streets. Electric lights and gas were introduced. A street car system and a rapid transit road were built. An elaborate school department, well housed and capably managed, developed from the village germ. The Fire Department became metropolitan in its equipment. Four daily newspapers voiced public opinion and many weekly and monthly issues found a clientele. Costly store buildings and mansions were continually being built, while in the harbor a great merchant fleet was coming and going. Beyond National City, Boston enterprise was impounding eight billion gallons of fresh water behind the highest artificial dam in the world. Motor and steamship lines radiated

from the bay like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Village stores grew to be emporiums, and banks which had done a shilling business carried deposits of a million and a half of dollars.

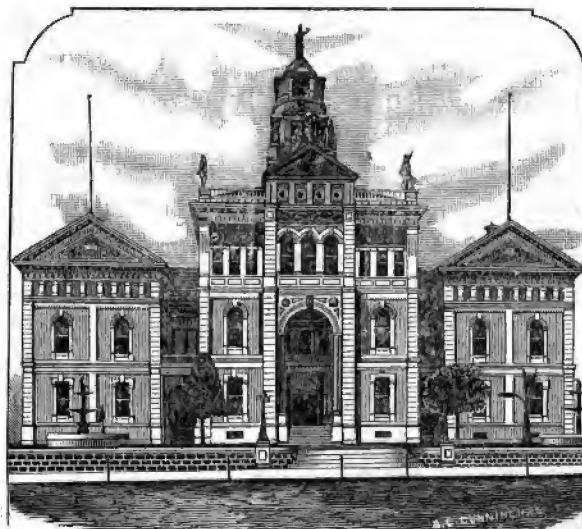
All went well until the first of January, 1888, when there were symptoms of collapse. The time was one of final or large payments in all Southern California where the boom contagion had spread. Debts on real estate purchases had grown to millions; there was but a moderate sum of money on hand to pay them with. The natural result of this condition was that men with property for which they still owed cash installments, went into the market to realize. Blocks of realty were tumbled into the exchanges for sale at a discount from the prices that had ruled. Everybody wanted to unload; few then cared to buy and alarm was so common that it began to affect the banks. Before the month of January had gone it was seen that confidence in San Diego values had been lost. "Save yourself," was the common thought, though its utterance was checked by those who said the depression might be temporary if people would not lose their courage.

By spring and summer San Diego had lost 10,000 people and over \$2,000,000 in deposits had been withdrawn from the banks. The number of real estate offices perceptibly decreased. Newspapers which had been making profits of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 per month found

it hard to pay expenses and their staffs were reduced. Credits which had been like leaves became like diamonds. The anxious borrower could get no funds from banking houses, whatever might be the security to offer. Usurers who loaned money at from five to fifteen per cent a month were the only agents of relief. The suffering that followed, not only among the poor but among those who had never known what it was to be without pecuniary means, makes a gloomy chapter of itself in the annals of the town. For a time in the summer of 1888 the prospect was that most of the banks and business houses would fail and the city again become a village.

By fall there were signs of improvement. The California National Bank had begun business and was liberal with its loans. The news that San Diego values had reached "hard-pan" brought in capital for investment and this tided over the banking troubles and enabled the merchants to regain some of their lines of credit. Meanwhile, improvements went on which had been contracted for during the boom, and for which money had been put in some form of escrow, or had been borrowed in San Francisco or in the East, and San Diego gained in fine residences, hotels and business blocks. At least two hundred costly dwellings were built on Florence Heights, the aristocratic part of the city. The Hotel del Coronado, costing a million and a quarter of dollars, was completed and

opened. The Messrs. Spreckels, of San Francisco, planted expensive wharves and coal bunkers on the bay. One hundred thousand dollars, raised by taxation during flush times, were expended on the court house. Several miles of street-pavement were laid. A cable road system to the bluff overlooking Mission Valley, and a railway line to El Cajon, were built and put in



SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

operation. Spacious churches and school buildings were established. A railroad subsidy of \$500,000 was subscribed and offered to the first company which would connect San Diego and the Southern Pacific main line by rail. The 60-mile flume was constructed and the water turned on. Lastly, developments were made in

the farming communities back of the bay and over a million fruit trees were planted in fertile soil. All in all, from the end of the boom to the summer of 1891, over \$10,000,000, as estimated by Judge M. A. Luce, a competent authority, were permanently placed in various forms of San Diego development. It seemed to conservative people that the city was about to enter upon years of steady and profitable growth along commercial, agricultural and maritime lines. Its future as a summer and winter sanitarium had been previously assured and was no longer open to doubt.

By the census of 1890 the population, inclusive of Coronado, was about 17,000.

As the autumn of 1891 approached the San Diego public became sanguine of great things for the city before spring. The winter visitation promised to exceed past showings. Money could be borrowed freely, on real estate security, at from eight to twelve per cent. per annum. Thousands of acres of land were put in readiness for raisin grapes and citrus fruits. Charles Dudley Warner, and other authors and travelers, had called the continent to attention upon San Diego topics. King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, had directed the purchase of a summer home near the bay. Samuel Story, M. P. for Sunderland, had declared that San Diego would be the Liverpool of Southern California—a country as large as England. The President of the United States, and three members of his cabinet, had

united in praise of the climatic and scenic beauties of the place. Books and magazine articles aroused an interest in San Diego which showed itself in the receipt of hundreds if not thousands of letters, by the Chamber of Commerce and by the municipal authorities, from enquiring home and health-seekers. Withal there were indications of more than steady growth and these in the direction of another boom. Then, in October, the California National Bank, with more than a million of dollars in deposits, failed.

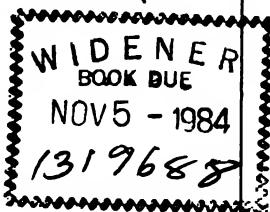
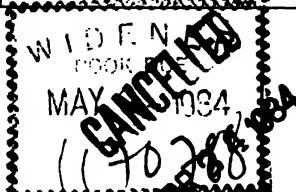
For a month San Diego was stunned, but promises of early resumption of the bank renewed public hope if not public confidence. General faith in the integrity of J. W. Collins, the president and financial manager of the suspended institution, was expressed; but this was dispelled as the analysis of the wreck became final. After some weeks the arrest of Collins was determined, at which he committed suicide. His confidential partner in the California National, D. D. Dare, was absent at the time in Europe, where he still resides. All of the directors remained in San Diego, but they knew very little about the management of the bank, having uniformly left that to Collins and Dare. It appeared in the course of the government investigation that Collins had once wrecked a bank in Cheyenne and that Dare, when he came to San Diego, had brought into banking employment less than \$7,000, which he

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